

THE AMERICAN

MAY

LEGION

MAGAZINE

1942



GENERAL MACARTHUR

By PAUL McNUTT

RITA HAYWORTH
Columbia Pictures Star
with her own Chesterfield
vanity-cigarette case



IN MY CASE

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Chesterfield

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Doing all you can?



"In seven more weeks I shall be a welder. . . On our days off we can still go to the country for rest and restoration"

FOR months, my wife and I believed that we were "doing our bit" for our country. A physical handicap keeps me from joining the armed forces, but we told each other that we were doing "all we could."

Glenn, my wife, had been working every third day for the army's aircraft interceptor service as a volunteer. I had served as an air raid warden in civilian defense. We had given as heavily as we believed we could to the Red Cross. We had set aside a fairly large portion of our income for the purchase of defense bonds. We had been doing our bit as millions of others were doing theirs, the easy way. Our regular life had been little interrupted. We had continued to enjoy the pleasures of peace, smug in the self-administered opiate of "keeping up morale." We know better now.

We awoke a month ago. First we real-

By
**FRANC M.
LUTHER**

ized that our friends were not taking the war seriously. A discussion of their attitude brought a scrutiny of our own. The results were not pleasing, but they were effective. Since then our personal quotas have been set at our personal capacities to aid the war effort. When peace comes again, we shall go back to our normal lives. If we fail to fill our quotas now, we may have no normal lives to which to return.

Each of us Americans must realize that this is his war. We must understand that the worker at home is as

important as the soldier in the field. We must go about our daily tasks with the same devotion which General MacArthur's soldiers have displayed in battle. We must forget the terrible shibboleth of "business as usual." Above all, Americans must not say to themselves, "This is not my job. It is the government's. Let the government tell me what to do, and I will do my part." That attitude is worth more to the Axis than guns and men and spies.

We must remember that our total war effort will be the sum of the efforts of each of us. We must remember that when one of us does a slack day's work in the factory or the field, our nation's total production for that day is that much less. We must realize that every man and woman in America must do a share. Each man's quota is his own

(Continued on page 36)



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THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

May, 1942

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EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES
Indianapolis, Indiana

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
One Park Avenue, New York City

The Message Center

PLEASE note that the Editorial and Advertising offices of this publication are now at One Park Avenue, New York City.

LEGIONNAIRE SCHLAIKJER'S striking cover of General MacArthur in the midst of the Filipino and American soldiers on Bataan is one you will want to keep as a reminder of the debt we all owe to the man who is now leading the forces of the United Nations in the Western Pacific. Past National Commander McNutt's article, on page six of this issue, tells some things about MacArthur as Chief of Staff of the United States Army and as head of the Philippine forces, which have proved themselves since Dec. 7. To get back to the cover painting, because the address tab on your copy spoils the effect if you wish to preserve the cover, we have had some hundreds of special reproductions made, without any printing on them, which can be had for ten cents a copy. Suitably framed, they will proudly adorn many a wall. *Send the dime, in either coin or stamps, to American Legion Magazine, Indianapolis, Indiana.* Incidentally, when you finish with your copy of the Legion Magazine each month, why not send it to some young fellow from your town who is in active service? In that way your magazine will do double duty.

IN THE February issue we ran a short notice about the efforts of the American Legion. (Continued on page 56)

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IMPORTANT: A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 55.

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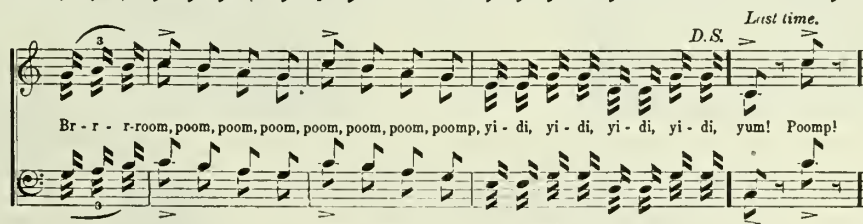
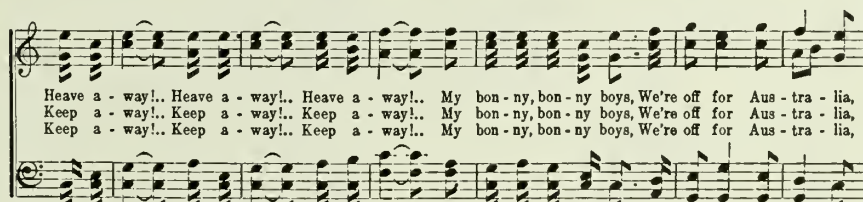
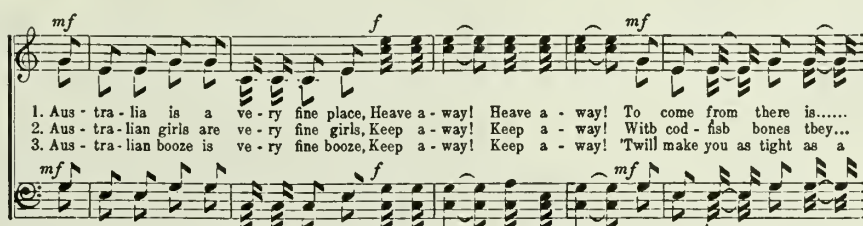
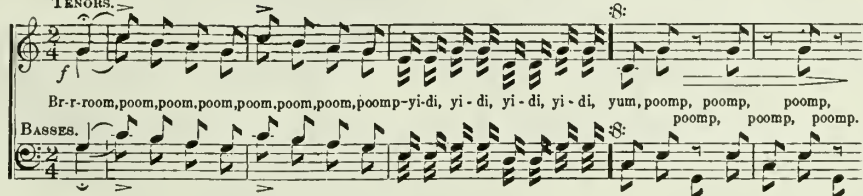
Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.



AUSTRALIA.

Allegro Moderato.
TENORS.

Arr. by Frank R. Hancock



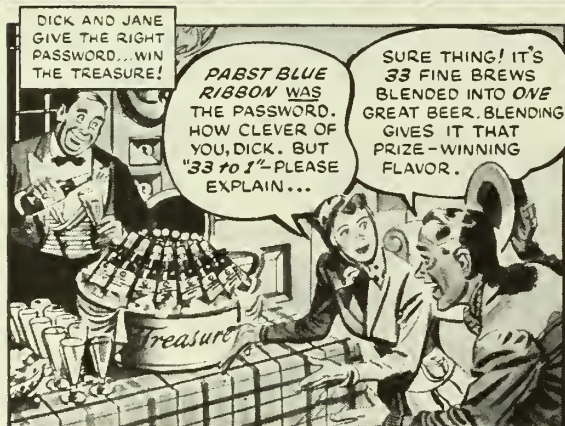
Copyright, 1913, by LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE.

There are at least twenty popular songs about Australia being sung in the United States today, thanks to Tin Pan Alley, and no wonder, with thousands of American troops under MacArthur serving Down Under. None of these songs, it is probably safe to bet, will achieve the fame of the sea chanty reproduced here. College glee clubs and men's choruses have sung it these many, many years with outstanding success. The names of the author and composer are not known, but the ditty has appeared in the song books of Harvard, Cornell and Brown Universities. The version given here, the best we have been able to find, is from the Harvard book, and we reproduce it with the permission of the owner of the copyright, a member of the firm of Noble and Noble, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City. It's a natural for Legion choral groups and of course for soldier choruses. By the way, who will ask the Aussies to change the name of their McArthur River, which flows north into the Gulf of Carpentaria, to MacArthur River as a tribute to the Generalissimo of the United Nations forces in the Pacific?

Treasure Hunt

Hangs on
Mystery Clue!

LISTEN...
HERE'S THE LAST CLUE,
JANE. "GO TO BARTON'S,
GIVE THE PASSWORD,
AND 33 TO 1 YOU'LL FIND
THE TREASURE."



FLAVOR! EXTRA-DELICIOUS FLAVOR... BECAUSE PABST BLUE RIBBON, LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES, REACHES PERFECTION THROUGH BLENDING. IT'S SPECIALLY BLENDED, "33 TO 1!"



Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee
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A clue—for you—on smart entertaining! Next time guests come, serve Pabst Blue Ribbon. There's a treasure of flavor in every glass—blended for mellow, down-right goodness everybody likes. Try it—see how this blend of 33 fine brews makes friends, wins compliments.



Pabst
Blue
Ribbon

Enjoy it in regular or club size bottles, and on draft at better places everywhere

33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

I HAD A BOY ON GUAM



WHEN the letter came, and I read NAVY DEPARTMENT, BUREAU OF NAVIGATION, WASH-

INGTON, on the upper left corner, my thoughts washed back to that night in San Francisco, and the big, gray supply ship that was dozing in the rocking cradle of the inner harbor. It was almost midnight, and there were wisps of fog to touch your cheek and stir vague memories. Neither of us was thinking of war. This was May, 1940. We were thinking of parting, my son Jack and I.

He was tall enough so that his nose tip could touch the bridge of my nose, and when a son gets that tall there is no denying his manhood. He was headed for the great adventure all American boys dream about. He was shoving off to a land of blue tropical shorelines. Treasure was there, though it would not be dug out of the sand in age-weathered, brass-bound chests. It was the treasure

By

**H. FREDRIC
YOUNG**

of seeing and smelling and tasting strangeness. It would be in his bones till the day he died.

He was not forced to it, as might have happened in Europe. It was Jack's own choice, joining the Navy. To suffer in pain or pleasure, consequences which he himself might cause or duty might conceive. Yes . . . he well understood all that.

But try and say something sensible when the ship is there and your son is about to step aboard.

Illustrations by Niel O'Keefe

"We were fast approaching the one moment which we must make last eighteen months"

"You'll be mighty seasick," I jeered. "Not me."

We were fast approaching the one moment which we must make last eighteen months. My thoughts were dripping like a leaky faucet, annoyingly. Today, those moments are beating back at me like devil drums. And as I fumbled with that envelope I remembered back, even beyond the pale fog of that night. Bare feet and patched pants, and that sort of stuff.

Subject: **YOUNG, Jack Robert,**
Pharmacist's Mate 3rd class,
Welfare of

My Dear Mr. Young:

Replying to your letter of December 8, 1941, you are informed that according to the latest report on file in the

(Continued on page 37)

MACARTHUR-

A FIRST CLASS

Fightin' Man

Past National Commander McNutt, Federal Security Administrator, speaks with authority when he tells you about General MacArthur, for he was High Commissioner to the Philippines from 1937 to 1939, and was associated with General MacArthur, who, following his long service with the United States Army, was carrying on as Director of Organization of National Defense for the Commonwealth Government of the Philippines, with the rank of Marshal of the Philippine Army. Neither MacArthur nor McNutt has stood still in the intervening years

DOUGLAS MACARTHUR has won two battles in the Philippines. A third is in deadlock.

The first was a battle of morale. It began the day the Japanese came plummeting from the skies in parachutes and landing skirmishers on the Lingayen Gulf.

Every man who knew the military situation, knew the Japanese could advance. They had enormous reserves. They were nearest their bases. They had unquestioned naval and air superiority.

But there was a bigger stake in those first encounters—the stake of prestige. Could the Japanese sweep the defenders before them? Could they establish a reputation for invincibility that would paralyze resistance?

The Japanese lost that battle, their hordes pressed on. But the Filipino sol-

So here's to you, Doug MacArthur,
Melbourne echoes proud Bataan,
Aussie, Filipino, Yank
Call you first class fightin' man.

—With a bow to Kipling and "Fuzzy Wuzzy"



From cover painting by J. W. Schlaikjer

diers General MacArthur had trained met them hand-to-hand on many a beachhead and along many a jungle path—and battled them on even terms. Only numbers forced retreat.

Swiftly the news traveled back. Fili-

By
**PAUL V.
McNUTT**

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

If you'd like a reproduction in full color of the MacArthur cover painting, see notice on page 2



pinos could out-fight the invader. A new generation of Filipinos learned what the troops under General Arthur MacArthur discovered 40 years ago: Pound for pound Filipino troops were the "fightingest" soldiers in the world.

Never again can the Japanese resurrect the myth of superiority. The Filipinos know their quality. They know they have the stuff of victory. They will not bow to that mechanized mediaevalism Japan would invoke.

The second battle of the Philippines took place on or about January 4th. Manila had become untenable. On January 2d the Japanese entered the city.

Long years before MacArthur had told us that when the Japanese attacked the Philippines, if he was not ready to defend the whole archipelago, he would make them fight it out on Bataan.

The Japanese knew the strategy. From the north and south, Nipponese armies pressed upon that square of Pampanga which was MacArthur's gateway to Bataan's volcanic gullies. Viciously they battled to close the door. If they could close it, the Filipino-American forces would be doomed.

But the door did not close.

Instead it opened wider as the defenders furiously counter-attacked. Out-numbered ten to one, MacArthur's men could still move so leisurely that they drove the sheep and the cattle of the countryside before them, adding to the fresh food stores available in their

rocky bastion.

Thus the Japanese lost Manila Bay. An empty and useless prize it is so long as General Wainwright's armies hold Bataan and Corregidor. MacArthur planned it that way.

The battle of Bataan and Corregidor is a third battle, which is still going on as I write. Its resistance has been a military miracle.

And its resistance should not be underestimated.

In MacArthur's impressive penthouse atop the Manila Hotel, the Japanese Commander, General Homma, is reported to have killed himself in dishonor after being stopped far beyond the military schedule allowed. Wags have called this a general homma-cide; it will not be the last.

Not merely MacArthur's remarkable resistance, but his successful trip to Australia, represent major defeats for the Japanese war machine. Not only is MacArthur one of the great military geniuses of the age, but he knows the Orient.

As I have watched the unfolding of the Japanese strategy in the Far East, I recall again and again stories General MacArthur told in that same penthouse where General Homma, according to reports, slit his abdomen and went to join his fathers. Isolationists used to rail when MacArthur would speak of "the next war." Committed to the policy of "stroking nettles gentle handed" they were afraid of offending Japan. Hundreds of thousands of American boys will give their lives as the result of the ivory-tower brand of international relations which for long dominated even the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate.

We must not today let our nuisance value in the Philippines obscure the enormity of our offense through those years of peace. Had we in those days fortified the Philippines and established naval and air bases of great striking power, Japanese operations to the southward would have been too precarious to be undertaken at all.

The facts were there for all to see. MacArthur as Chief of Staff of the United States Army had laid the cards on the table of the House Military Affairs Committee. In response he got only querulous queries about the budget of the Philippine Scouts which his father had founded.

Even a layman's look at the map should have shown what the Philippines would mean in Japanese hands—the creation of a barrier reef from Kamchatka to Borneo. A Japanese Philippines blockades the whole continent of Asia. In my third report as United States High Commissioner, I said, "In foreign hands this barrier will block our trade and intercourse with China. It will solve the claims of freedom of the seas and freedom of the air—solve them unfavorably to us and to our children."

Those things were there for any lay-

man to see. Any standard reference work would have shown that our rubber came from Malaya—tin, manganese, mica, quinine, and a dozen more strategic raw materials, vital to American industry and American jobs, from waters commanded by the Philippines.

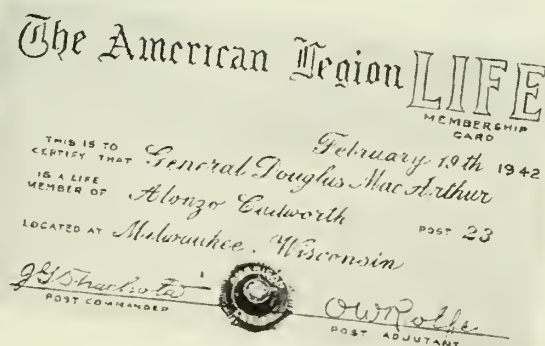
Yet, those years when MacArthur was trying to tell his story, America was dominated by an international relations of theory. Politicians tried to draft our foreign policy on the romantic basis of whether we liked the government and policies of Britain or Russia; or whether we believed that China was "really" a democracy—not upon the proved experience of a world that has seen only one year of peace in thirteen for the last 2,500 years of its history.

MacArthur at home did not pull his punches. He told the story as he saw it and accepted his unpopularity as a matter of course. On one of the few occasions when he spoke outside the official requirements of his position, he addressed a University of Pittsburgh commencement. Students paraded with "No More War" banners, and his address was received almost without applause.

MacArthur went back to the Philippines in 1935. He knew the Philippines and their needs. He acted on what he knew. He did not get all he wanted from the Filipino legislators, any more than he did from the American Congress. But he built the fighting force that has made the present resistance possible.

Out of his success should come certain lessons to be remembered and applied—not merely during this war, but after it.

1. America needs trained, skilled officers—enough of them to command a force capable of meeting any challenge, anywhere American interests may be at



stake. And officers cannot be created overnight.

2. Water is not a barrier but a highway. Admiral Mahan preached the value of sea power. But in isolationist hands, during our long period of wishful waiting, military unpreparedness was defended on the simple-minded theory that our oceans made us impregnable. The Philippines, separated by a thousand miles of water on every side, should.

(Continued on page 48)

THE *Lost* CRUSADE

By IRVING
WALLACE

Burton, 'the man who has never told a lie.' *Star* readers will remember Ben Burton as the columnist who proved to them that George Washington was the eighth, not the first President of the U. S. A., that Mussolini's name, when translated, meant Little Donkey, that China's highest paid actress was a man, that the Liberty Bell was made in England, that



The roving crusaders completely demoralized the advance mechanized German units

NEW YORK STAR—Page 1:

"The editors of the New York *Star* are proud to present their readers with the scoop of World War II. Beginning tomorrow morning, the *Star* will again resume the sensational weekly queerosity column,

STRANGE BUT TRUE, cabled directly from embattled Russia by our own great oddity hunter, Ben

there were only 44 States in the United States with the other four being officially commonwealths!

"Today we have been informed by cable from Tiflis that Ben Burton, originally in Russia to collect oddity data as background to the war, and then caught and delayed by that war, will remain on the scene to deliver the bizarre and the



"The Burton story is a brazen fairy tale"

unusual existing behind run-of-the-mill battle dispatches. Tomorrow, Ben Burton's STRANGE BUT TRUE in the Star!"

NEW YORK STAR—Page 1:
STRANGE BUT TRUE
by

BEN BURTON

"(By Cable from Tiflis, East Georgia, Russia)—While Nazi panzers smash through the Crimea, I have learned, here in Tiflis, of the most unusual item to be found in all Russia . . . Hidden deep in the eastern Crimea, across from the Caucasus, dwell thousands of Chris-

surs of Tooshetia. . . . Their tribe name, Khevsurs, means "People of the Valley." . . . Still wearing the antiquated steel armor of their forefathers, the Khevsurs are fond of fighting, and indulge in battles of sword, spear and catapult, battles resulting from age-old feuds similar to the family feuds of the American Ozarks. . . . The main body of these knights lives near the birthplace of Stalin himself, amid the peaks of East Georgia. The Khevsurs consider themselves Christians, though their religion is a cross between Christianity and Mohammedanism. . . ."



Ben found out that they knew Count Medvinoff

was ordinary stuff. I thought you were giving me a raise—"

"We are, Ben, we're giving you a raise! Can you hear me, Ben? Listen, for some daffy reason that column caught on. We've gotten wires, calls, specials

(Continued on page 38)

"OPERATOR. Operator. New York calling. New York calling Mr. Ben Burton, at the Imperial Hotel, Tiflis, Russia. Operator. New York calling. Please contact when you have Mr. Ben Burton. . . ."

"HELLO, Ben? Ben Burton?"
"Yeah? Who's calling?"

"Me. Wilkins. Your city editor, you dope—Wilkins. Can you hear me?"

"Quit screaming."

"Ben, we broke your column yesterday, the one on those Crusaders who still live and wear armor. It was terrific! Terrific!"

"Is that why you're calling? God, that



tian Knights, direct descendants of the ancient Crusaders who were lost following Peter the Hermit during the first Crusade 825 years ago. . . . The main body of the tribe is scattered over the mountains and valleys of the Caucasus not more than two days' journey from here. . . . These descendants of the original Crusaders are known as the Khev-

Illustrations by
Charles La Salle

WANTED: *You*



SUPPOSE this war were to last three years—four years—maybe five years!

This is not a prophecy; it's a supposition, but based on that supposition, let's pause and consider for a moment the magnitude of effort and activity four or five years of today's kind of war would involve. Planes, ships, tanks, guns, men to man them, ammunition to shoot. Food to eat and clothes to wear. One's imagination strains at the breaking point to visualize this country's present armament and man-

By
**RAY
MURPHY**

**Director,
The American Legion
Citizens Defense Train-
ing Program**

Director Murphy meeting at National Headquarters in Indianapolis with Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggin MacDowell, National Secretary of the Auxiliary, and the men who carry the responsibility for the success of The American Legion Citizens Defense Training Program

power program—and that has to do *only* with the fighting forces.

What of the rest of us—the men, women, and children whose job is to back up the man at the front with an

Uncle Sam needs 1,253,645 Air Raid Wardens, and Past National Commander Murphy heads the tremendously important Legion job of training this great civilian army. In the light of what happened to Pearl Harbor and the *Normandie*, these words of Murphy's should be written in capital letters and displayed prominently in every village, town and city in the land: WHILE THE CALL MAY NEVER COME WE WOULD DESERVE EVERYTHING WE GOT IF WHEN IT CAME WE WERE NOT PREPARED TO COPE WITH WHATEVER THE ENEMY MIGHT THROW AT US

endless and ever-rising stream of materiel? That's a large order in itself, as shortages and rationings of every-day commodities have made clear—but is that all we have to do? Not in *this* war it isn't. We must learn to defend and protect ourselves, each other, and our properties, just as the men in the fighting services have had to do. If we don't, we shall be in a sorry mess, for at any moment this war may crash down from the sky or through sabotage into our own back-yards.

This will attempt to devastate our shipyards, our airplane and tank assembly lines, our ordnance and ammunition plants. It may try to smash our cities, towns, and villages in which they are located. It's the *business* of today's kind of war to do just that. It's also war's business to be insidious, treacherous, deceitful; to create a ghastly, creeping paralysis of fear and weakened morale among those of us who are back of the man at the front. To combat these phases, the tentacles of which have already reached our coastlands in the forms of torpedoes and shells, is our job—yours and mine—for we, the civilian population of this country, are known as the "army of passive defense." and it includes every man-jack of us, his sons and daughters.

It's just about as great a strain on imaginative powers to visualize a well-organized, properly trained, coördinated Citizens Defense Corps sufficient to protect the staggering number of 130.-000,000 people as it is to conceive of United States armed forces of a magnitude to wage four or five years of today's kind of war. We've never seen or dreamed of anything like it, but it *must* be done.

To help accomplish this gigantic task, The American Legion has been assigned to what is doubtless the most important role in the passive defense sector of this, the biggest and fightingest combined army of civilians and armed forces any nation ever called to colors.

In February, President Roosevelt accepted National Commander Lynn U. Stambaugh's

Certificate of Instruction



This is to certify that

has satisfactorily completed the Required Courses of Training and demonstrated the necessary knowledge and ability to carry out the duties thereof and is entitled to wear the Official Emblem of the Citizens Defense Corps and the insignia designating him

Air Raid Warden



of the
Civilian Protection Council

Stunt.



Course of Study

U. S. CITIZENS DEFENSE CORPS



AMERICAN LEGION

Civilian Defense Air Raid Warden Training Schools



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For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might, to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy, to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness. — PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION



offer on behalf of The American Legion to utilize the Legion's more than a million members and its more than 11,000 active Posts to train volunteers for the Air Raid Wardens Service of the U. S. Citizens Defense Corps. That means that it is now the duty of every Legionnaire from the National Officers down through the Department, District, and Post organizations to assist in adequately and thoroughly training 1,253,645 Air Raid Wardens throughout the United States—one of the biggest jobs of the war, and it's marked "RUSH!"

It is a pleasure to report that, with typical Legion eagerness and enthusiasm, a nation-wide structure providing state and local training schools and competent instructors for each is being set up, and that this enormous program is already well under way. National Commander Stambaugh set up The American Legion Citizens Defense Corps Training Program, with a Director, an Assistant Director, and Regional Representatives and Regional Field Secretaries have been assigned to the regional areas of Civilian Defense, which compare, State by State, with the United States Army Corps Areas and the regional offices of Civilian Defense.

"Universities," conducted by the Citizens Defense Division, Chemical Warfare Service, U. S. Army, comprise the basic Federal schools. These have been established at Amherst College, Texas A. and M., Stanford University, and University of Maryland. It is contemplated that three more will open soon. One of these, the University of Florida, will offer the course beginning May 17th. The curriculum in these specialized schools is comparable to the technical educational courses that have been and still are maintained by the Chemical Warfare Service of the U. S. Army at Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland, which to date has graduated over 650 men, many of whom are Legionnaires, and who are invaluable as organizers, directors, and instructors in the Legion Air Raid Warden Training Program.

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AUSSIES

never say die



The kind of soldier
they raise Down Under.
MacArthur will know how
to use these babies to advantage

SITTING in the shaft of an opal mine, some one hundred feet below ground, at Lightning Ridge, New South Wales, Australia, I was talking some years ago with a miner who had served at Gallipoli, and we came around to the then dim matter of a Jap invasion of the Australian continent. He was a tall, rangy man, all wire and whipcord, as most of the Aussies are, and he didn't give a damn for hell, heaven or high-water. "Suppose," I said, "the Japs do start south?" He poked a butcher knife a few times into the clay opal-seam he was working and spat. "They'd never get past Singapore," he said confidently. "But just suppose they did," I insisted, "and tried a jump in here?" He jabbed a few more times at the opal-seam and then looked at me, a bit startled. "Tried a jump in here?" he said, amazed. "Why, they'd just be in the frying pan!"

He was right, both as an old fighting man and as a geographer. Now the incredible has happened; Singapore gone;

the Indies lost; and the bombers are over Port Darwin; it might be an idea to figure just what the little Aryans will be up against if they really try an attack in force. It must first be realized that Australia is almost as large as the continental United States. It's geographically much like a saucer, the high land mainly on the edges and the center a large part desert. The population of around seven millions lives mainly in a few key cities, like Sydney (about one million and a half); Melbourne (somewhat over a million); Brisbane (around three hundred and fifty thousand); Adelaide (about four hundred thousand); Perth (about three hundred thousand). The rest of the townships you can toss off as like one of our small towns, scattered all over; and you can add to that a few hundred thousand miners, station hands (ranch hands to you), scattered hither and yon. The main thing is that the population bulk is on the southeast coast. Aside from Perth there's little on the west coast, and there's prac-

tically nothing in the north. Port Darwin was just a small port of call before this crisis broke, and probably even now doesn't rate over three thousand souls, excluding the troops which are probably being poured in. When I was there in 1936 they hauled the sidewalks in at nine and if you could stand the flies you took your bottle into the billiard room and watched a listless kanaka mop the floor.

The whole of northern Australia is tropical, and the few ports there are



Aussies at Tobruk, the Libyan port the Nazis couldn't take. Probably they're singing the famous Aussie song, *Waltzing Matilda*

By ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN



Thousands of miles from home, this group carries shells to a 25-pounder "Somewhere in England"

mere fishing or pearling spots. There's hardly a decent road that leads more than a few miles into the interior; there's no railroad within a few hundred miles; and if you get through the crocodile-infested rivers, the mosquito jungles, the snakes, wild buffalo (yes, they hunt big herds out there), you wind up in something like Death Valley. And, brother, you fry in the blistering heat. It's very much as if you invaded Canada from the Arctic (forgetting the climatic conditions for the moment). If you jumped into Canada from the north you'd have tough going from the start, and you'd be maybe a couple of thousand miles away from any spot that meant anything.

This is pretty much the Australian case. Invaders from the north, and it seems logical the Japs would attack from there, would have to wade through jungle and sun-blasted desert a hell of a long time before they found any mili-

tary nourishment. Except for Brisbane, in northern Queensland, every important industrial spot is, way south, and even Brisbane is far enough south to cause some embarrassment. There might also arise the matter of a little warfare on the part of the aboriginal tribes. A lot of the blackfellers, corresponding to our old-time Indians, still rove naked and wild, under Federal protection, and though they have been discouraged to go in for spearing and boomerang tossing they might be coaxed back into service. The Japs may be very smart at this infiltration process through Malayan jungles but the Australian blackfeller, if he really gets his mind down to business, can teach them a great deal. It might be recalled that they are the best trackers in the business, and the Australian Mounted uses them constantly. In their own territory they are practically ghosts. If they don't want to be seen or heard you just don't see or hear them,

even if you're on an open plain. They can kill a man with the war-boomerang at a hundred yards, and the charm of this is that a boomerang makes very little sound and by the time your squad finds out the sergeant's got a cracked skull the blackfeller has long since faded away.

But that isn't the major point, though it could be a considerable item. The one thing Australia desperately lacks, if a few inner coastal miles be excluded, is water. The problem would be somewhat like Rommel's in the Lybian desert, and it would get increasingly tougher every foot of the way. Because the Aussies are not only going to pound all the supply lines but they'll make a stand somewhat short of half-way and I wouldn't like to be a Jap who had to face it.

It is idle to restate the Aussies are first-class soldiers. I personally think they are the best in the world, and I don't mean this as any crack at our own, because in their ways, slang and toughness, they are the closest of all to ourselves. But the Aussies (who don't bother with saluting even their own officers if they're not in the notion) are an independent, self-thinking crowd, and they're as swift on the up-take to any new idea as any German staff officer. They know this is a war where sheer guts alone are not enough, and they know they'll need machines. They'll make them. If all the men have to go to the front lines the women will do it; and if there aren't enough men at the front the women will go. If you saw some of those Australian women you'd never want to stand a charge. They're as tough as the men when they have to be, and they may yet have to be in Australia.

Another great lack Down Under is oil. Australia has little or no oil of her own. It all has to be imported, and as we all know, oil is vital in this war. It's

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A Coast Defense crew doing its stuff at Port Darwin, the naval base on the northern side of the continent of Australia which the Japs have repeatedly strafed

WE SHALL KEEP FAITH

By

FREDERICK W. BEEKMAN

I*F YE break faith with us who die."*

So sang John McCrae, the Canadian soldier-poet of the last war. Since 1918 on every Memorial Day, every Armistice Day, every All Saints Day those of the A. E. F., of the B. E. F., of the French and Belgian veterans of the World War fallen in battle have been remembered by their comrades, their countrymen and Allies in church and cemetery throughout France, England and Belgium.

Early in May, 1918, I received a telephone call from General Pershing's G. H. Q. at Chaumont asking for the formation in Paris of a Memorial Day committee to collect funds and purchase flowers and flags to be placed on the graves of our Hero Dead lying in the Military Cemeteries and in graves then isolated. This was done, and it was the forerunner of the Memorial Day Association which functioned with loyal devotion every year since 1918, and even in 1940 and 1941. (This association was organized after the founding of The American Legion, and was assisted generously by The American Legion at National Headquarters.)

Armistice Day, 1939, and Memorial Day, 1940 and 1941, are worth recalling. On November 11, 1939, when the present war was a little over two months old, all but one of our military cemeteries in France were in military zones under French army command. The American Embassy therefore arranged with the French commander of the Verdun zone to hold services at Romagne, our largest cemetery, and General Huntziger, commanding, requested the privilege of passing in review within the cemetery itself crack units of his troops. Standing just opposite the Cemetery Chapel, this ill-fated Alsatian General who was destined to receive Hitler's Armistice terms in the railway coach at Compiègne and afterwards crashed to his death in France, reviewed units of his army which marched by. Then followed by his staff he mounted the broad steps to the beautiful chapel and reverently laid a wreath before the altar, in memory of those lying under the white crosses on the hillside nearby.

An hour later, Colonel Horace Fuller, Captain Stone, American Military and Naval attachés, representatives of the Legion and forty others, sat down at luncheon in the Hotel Vauban at Verdun,

Drawing by
Edward M. Stevenson



They knew what they were fighting for

Very Rev. Frederick Beekman, D.D., Dean of the American Cathedral of the Holy Trinity in Paris, France, since 1918, is currently a special lecturer under the War Department to American army camps and schools. He was Chaplain of Paris Post in 1940 and before that had served as Chaplain of the Department of France

as guests of General Huntziger, before returning to Paris.

The following May the Memorial Day Association and the Legion prepared an unusual observance. As all cemeteries ex-

cepting Suresnes were in German hands or on the battle front, marble crosses, one for each cemetery, were brought to the American Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity, Paris, and placed along

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the Altar Rail. As a part of the Church Service, at the call of each cemetery a comrade stepped forward, placed a poppy wreath at the base of the cross, stood at attention and saluted. Then the American Ambassador and other representatives of the Allied governments and veterans associations with colors came to the Chancel, saluted and retired. The Italians, present in former years, were noticeably absent.

This great church service, repeated every year since its inauguration, was most impressive, never more so in any year since May, 1918, when the German army had crossed the Marne at Château-Thierry and shells were falling in Paris.

At the conclusion of the service, led by Ambassador Bullitt and his Embassy Staff, the congregation left the church, passing along the Battle Cloister, where in sculptured stone are recorded the insignia, losses and battle credits of the principal units of the A. E. F. and the Navy. Then all marched to the Arc de Triomphe, where the Ambassador and officers of the Legion laid a wreath on the grave of the "soldat inconnu."

Less than two weeks thereafter the enemy was at the gates of Paris, and the Battle of France was lost.

Nothing could surpass in tender devotion the unbroken remembrance given by comrades to those who had given "the last full measure of devotion" to the cause of right and truth. Yet was that what John McCrae meant when he penned his immortal lines: "If Ye Break Faith With Us Who Die"? Rather was he not thinking of the Cause for which the Allied armies fought and died?

And what was that cause? President Wilson expressed it, "To make the world safe for Democracy." For Democracy could not be safe, no Democratic country could be safe unless those forces unleashed upon peaceful neighbors in the summer of 1914 were defeated.

Despite all the propaganda poured out upon the world, and interpretations of the First World War given for the purpose of securing support to certain post-war movements, sound thinking men are today agreed that had not Germany and Austria willed that war, with invasion of



A wreath laid by a Gold Star Mother at the grave of an unknown American soldier in the Meuse-Argonne Cemetery at Romagne some years ago

Belgium and France, there would have been no war. For years peaceful neighbors had heard German threats accompanied by sabre rattling and "Do this or else."

In 1914 they heard it again behind the back of Austria. Realizing that if they yielded, other demands would follow, until Europe came under the heel of German might, they ignored the threat and the war was on, not to end until millions of men had fallen and the United States had sent the A. E. F. overseas, two million strong, to insure victory for the defenders of the right and the democratic order.

How long ago it seems since General Pershing and Staff with the advance guard of the A. E. F. landed in France! How distant that day at Cantigny when our men received their baptism of fire, or those days at Belleau Wood and Château-Thierry when the enemy felt the unbreakable power of the First and Second Divisions!

Returning to New York after the war, Lieutenant General Robert E. Bullard,

who commanded the Second Army, referring to the repulse of the German attempt to cross the Marne, said, "A German officer stated to me that he had 'never before witnessed such deadly, concentrated rifle fire as the Americans showed on that day. Every man must have been a sharpshooter. How do you account for it, General?' I replied, 'Oh, those boys learned their stuff shooting squirrels in Maine or Georgia. The American infantryman aims at a target, not simply at the enemy.'"

Yes, the glorious A. E. F. of 1917-'18 and their Allies of 1914-'18 living and dead did their duty bravely and well, but faith was not kept with them. The Treaty of Versailles is not to be charged with it. Admitting faults as to the freer passage from one country to another of economic goods, it was the fairest and best treaty which had come out of Europe in a thousand years. Of the four charges made against it by the Germans, viz., territory lost, reparations paid, livestock and agricultural products returned and colonies seized, not one is well founded.

Not an inch of European territory was taken from them which was rightfully German. The post-war German government borrowed 200 million pounds sterling from England and the U. S. A., and paid just half that sum in cash repara-

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The beautiful cemetery at Suresnes overlooking Paris, the only American military cemetery not in German hands when Dean Beekman conducted Memorial Day services in the Cathedral at Paris in 1940

TEST TUBES TO VICTORY

SEVERAL months before Pearl Harbor Uncle Sam became the sole customer of America's aluminum industry, and all additional civilian uses were blitzed out of existence. Before a single American shot was fired steel was being taken out of commercial production at an alarming rate. Early in December, thirty million car owners were smacked in the face with the prospect of running on flat tires. Now, as if to add insult to injury, eastern seaboard motorists face the possibility of putting their gas tanks on a diet. The regular materials for practically everything on which American people live and breathe have faced ultimate consumer scarcity ever since a man named Hitler gave up house painting and went into politics.

But what might have been a raw material famine may become an agricultural bonanza. Aluminum, rubber, and even gasoline can be produced on American farms and the same farms can grow a good substitute for steel. War alcohol, explosives, woolen uniforms and gun stocks are being manufactured from farm products that up to a short time ago were used for nothing but food. Vital raw materials we once had to import from the Far East are found in our own backyard. The American farm may soon be breaking bottlenecks by the dozen and priorities by the score.

Let us take one of the most complete knockouts of the present crisis and see how the farmer can meet the challenge. With the fall of Malaya fifty percent of the world's natural rubber was snuffed out of commercial production. The tightening Japanese hold on the Netherlands East Indies practically eliminates forty-seven percent more. By the time America's present stockpile of rubber is rationed out by two years from now a short bushy little plant called guayule will be taking up the slack at a pleasing rate.

Up to a few years ago guayule was a common weed that grew wild in Mexico and wasn't considered to have even a nuisance value. Someone discovered it had a small percentage of rubber. The Intercontinental Rubber Company be-

came interested and put Dr. W. B. McCallum, a University of Arizona scientist, to work on it. Several million pounds of guayule rubber a year went into production in Mexico. Intercontinental set up a factory in Salinas, California, and several thousand farmers in that area started growing it. One farmer paid a \$4,000 mortgage on his farm with a 98-acre crop.

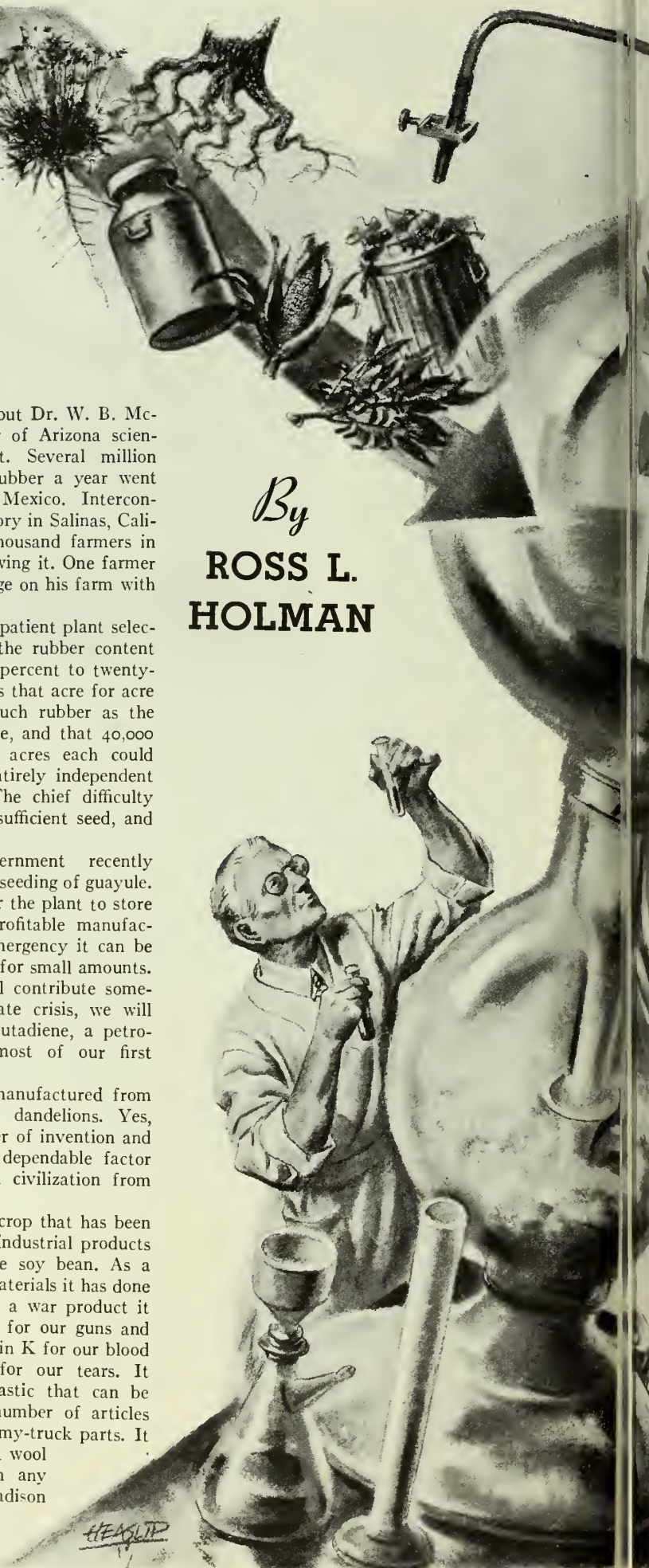
Dr. McCallum, by patient plant selection has stepped up the rubber content of guayule from five percent to twenty-three percent. He says that acre for acre it will produce as much rubber as the far eastern Hevea tree, and that 40,000 farmers growing 100 acres each could make this country entirely independent of foreign sources. The chief difficulty right now is lack of sufficient seed, and factory construction.

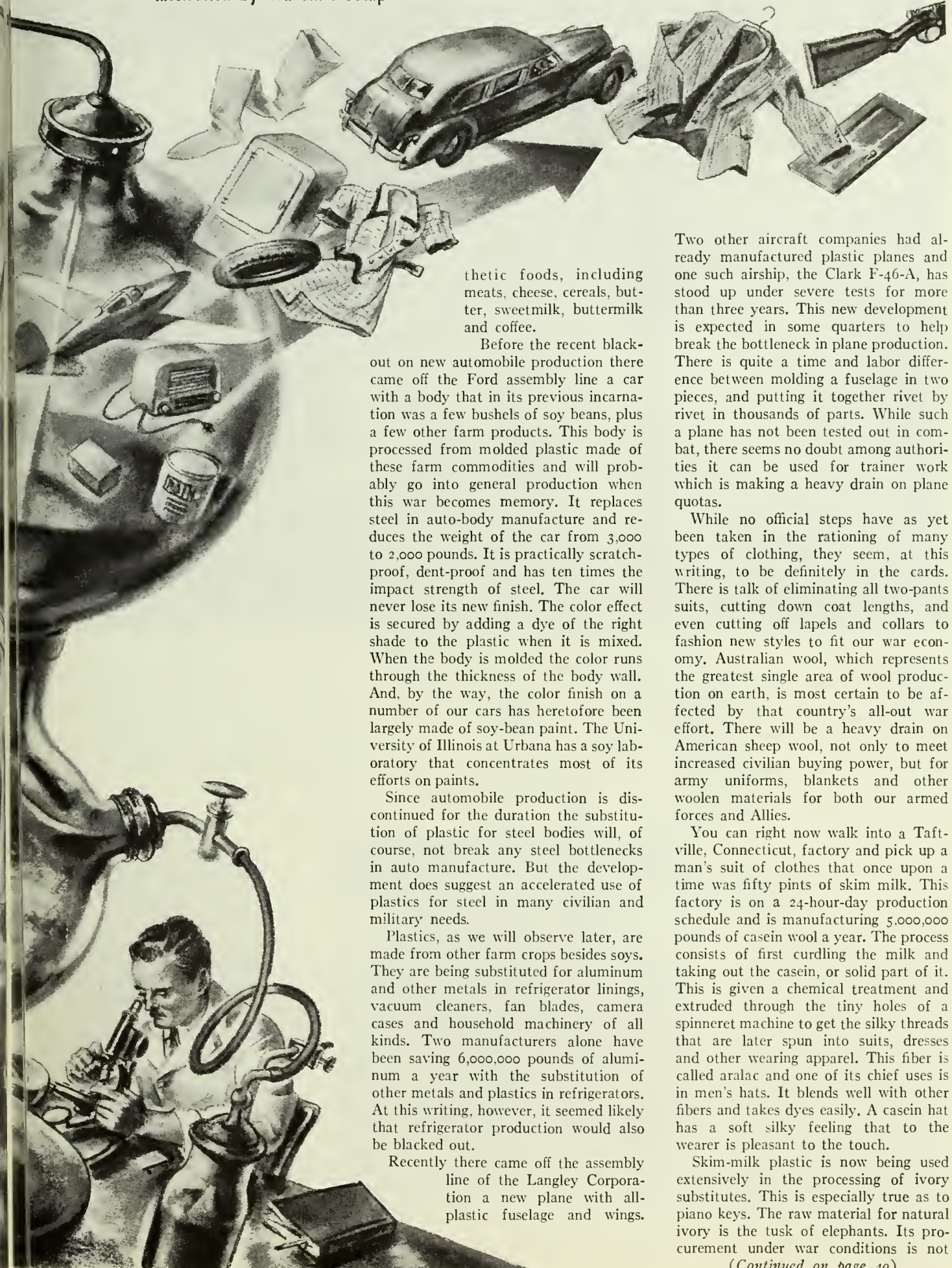
The federal government recently planned a 75,000-acre seeding of guayule. It takes four years for the plant to store enough rubber for profitable manufacture, though in an emergency it can be harvested in one year for small amounts. So, while guayule will contribute something to the immediate crisis, we will have to depend on butadiene, a petroleum product, for most of our first homemade rubber.

Rubber has been manufactured from corn, skim milk and dandelions. Yes, necessity is the mother of invention and invention is the one dependable factor that has always kept civilization from being let down.

Probably the farm crop that has been test-tubed into more industrial products than any other is the soy bean. As a pinch-hitter for war materials it has done a magnificent job. As a war product it can furnish gunstocks for our guns and fats for butter—vitamin K for our blood and a handkerchief for our tears. It makes an efficient plastic that can be molded into a vast number of articles from gun stocks to army-truck parts. It is manufactured into a wool that may be used in any kind of fabric. At Madison College, Tennessee, soys are processed into thirty syn-

By
**ROSS L.
HOLMAN**





thetic foods, including meats, cheese, cereals, butter, sweetmilk, buttermilk and coffee.

Before the recent black-out on new automobile production there came off the Ford assembly line a car with a body that in its previous incarnation was a few bushels of soy beans, plus a few other farm products. This body is processed from molded plastic made of these farm commodities and will probably go into general production when this war becomes memory. It replaces steel in auto-body manufacture and reduces the weight of the car from 3,000 to 2,000 pounds. It is practically scratch-proof, dent-proof and has ten times the impact strength of steel. The car will never lose its new finish. The color effect is secured by adding a dye of the right shade to the plastic when it is mixed. When the body is molded the color runs through the thickness of the body wall. And, by the way, the color finish on a number of our cars has heretofore been largely made of soy-bean paint. The University of Illinois at Urbana has a soy laboratory that concentrates most of its efforts on paints.

Since automobile production is discontinued for the duration the substitution of plastic for steel bodies will, of course, not break any steel bottlenecks in auto manufacture. But the development does suggest an accelerated use of plastics for steel in many civilian and military needs.

Plastics, as we will observe later, are made from other farm crops besides soys. They are being substituted for aluminum and other metals in refrigerator linings, vacuum cleaners, fan blades, camera cases and household machinery of all kinds. Two manufacturers alone have been saving 6,000,000 pounds of aluminum a year with the substitution of other metals and plastics in refrigerators. At this writing, however, it seemed likely that refrigerator production would also be blacked out.

Recently there came off the assembly line of the Langley Corporation a new plane with all-plastic fuselage and wings.

Two other aircraft companies had already manufactured plastic planes and one such airship, the Clark F-46-A, has stood up under severe tests for more than three years. This new development is expected in some quarters to help break the bottleneck in plane production. There is quite a time and labor difference between molding a fuselage in two pieces, and putting it together rivet by rivet in thousands of parts. While such a plane has not been tested out in combat, there seems no doubt among authorities it can be used for trainer work which is making a heavy drain on plane quotas.

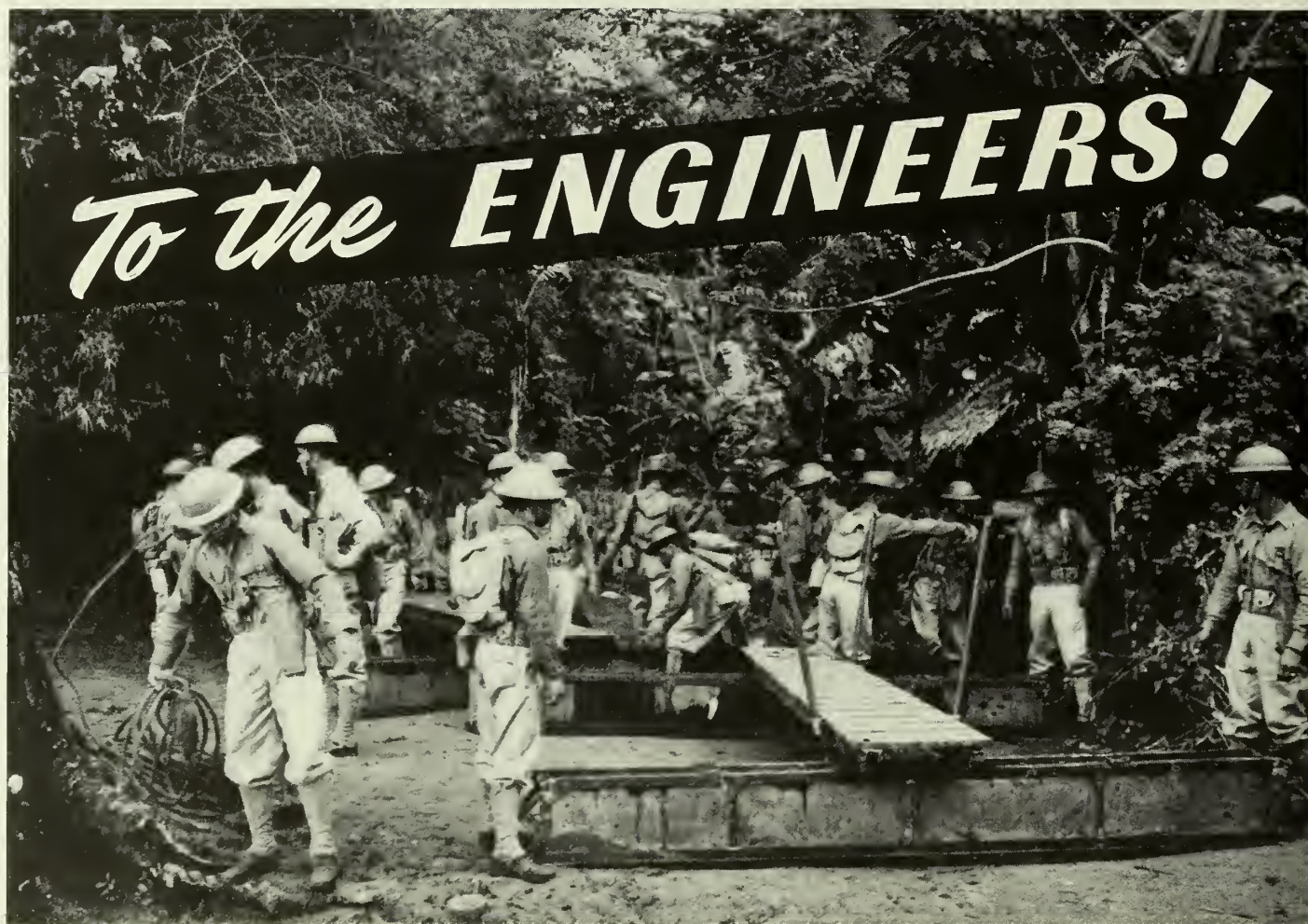
While no official steps have as yet been taken in the rationing of many types of clothing, they seem, at this writing, to be definitely in the cards. There is talk of eliminating all two-pants suits, cutting down coat lengths, and even cutting off lapels and collars to fashion new styles to fit our war economy. Australian wool, which represents the greatest single area of wool production on earth, is most certain to be affected by that country's all-out war effort. There will be a heavy drain on American sheep wool, not only to meet increased civilian buying power, but for army uniforms, blankets and other woolen materials for both our armed forces and Allies.

You can right now walk into a Taftville, Connecticut, factory and pick up a man's suit of clothes that once upon a time was fifty pints of skim milk. This factory is on a 24-hour-day production schedule and is manufacturing 5,000,000 pounds of casein wool a year. The process consists of first curdling the milk and taking out the casein, or solid part of it. This is given a chemical treatment and extruded through the tiny holes of a spinneret machine to get the silky threads that are later spun into suits, dresses and other wearing apparel. This fiber is called aralac and one of its chief uses is in men's hats. It blends well with other fibers and takes dyes easily. A casein hat has a soft silky feeling that to the wearer is pleasant to the touch.

Skim-milk plastic is now being used extensively in the processing of ivory substitutes. This is especially true as to piano keys. The raw material for natural ivory is the tusk of elephants. Its procurement under war conditions is not

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To the ENGINEERS!



Engineers start to throw a pontoon bridge across a Philippine stream

By
S. E.
LAWRENCE

MECCHANICAL age—mechanized army—Panzer Division—line production of tanks, planes, trucks, or maintaining a flock of jeeps—it's all one, only more so, in spots in this World War II—it's machines and mechanics pure, but not so simple. This particular war is not a junior to World War I, except that the parent ideas were in embryo in that first war.

Many of you have seen some of the new camps—some contrast to the old cantonments of '17-'18 they are!—and the papers are full of this and that concerning the men and the things they are doing in these '42 editions of those mobilization points—the Custers, Lees, Uptons, Johnsons of 20-odd years ago.

But let's get down to the meat of the coconut. If this is a war of machines, what machines are in these camps and what are our men doing with them? What do they lack and, above all, can they operate the machines they have? How about spares and man replacements—if the operators go home or, as has happened, get promoted? You know a machine, if you can't use it, is a real liability; you must be able to keep on using it day after day, too.

How about that will to do something with nothing, combining with it all a certain mechanical skill and that old determination to make the damn thing work? That spirit which is akin to but something more than a willingness to risk your life—that intangible thing which is the direct antithesis of having the skill and not wanting to use it, as seems so very popular in some spots of our war program.

The proof of the pudding, you know, is in the eating thereof—what profits it if the staff does its all—the specialty boards their part—the factories and millworkers do theirs—and the machines are not made to do their share? Remember, you voluntarily do your bit, maybe, but a machine must be induced to perform its functions. Still, for all, you can say this much for a machine: if you do your part in an intelligent way it will come across; machines are not conscientious objectors and they are more consistent than men.

You can lead a man up to the front trench line and make him jump off—but no order can compel ingenuity or skill. That must be given. That's esprit de corps de luxe.

We had it in 1917-'18 in

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"When it comes to slaughter you'll do your work on water." Here the Engineers make sure it's properly purified for drinking

certain special outfits that could and did give at the crucial moment their priceless all—that combination of Yankee, or maybe Dixie, extra mental effort of special skill mixed with courage that gets every last bit out of machinery.

That's where the U. S. Army must have it on the world—that mechanical second nature is theirs, somehow or other. How can we best capitalize it quickly? What is the new Army doing about it? Mass production, caterpillar-tread machines and motorized equipment—were all borrowed from the U. S. A. These are not inventions of the German mind, even if the Diesel engine is. The Nazis took these ideas several years ago and got the jump on us. What are we doing to catch up with our own brain children and to adapt them to our war effort?

In the new camps you hear a lot of talk about mechanization: "Yeah, they want specialists and they're paying for them"—"This is an army of specialists"—"They need all kinds of skills in this Army"—"It still amazes me how good the brass hats are at putting the right skill in the right job." First impressions, these are. Of course, we had tables of organization in the last war and sometimes outfits were strictly in accordance therewith. But now the whole Army is doing it. What a lot of the old jokes about misfits are spoiled for World War II!

If you were in the motor transportation corps during the old war, or were in an outfit that never did get its motor equipment, you are war motor-conscious and will appreciate what a fine array of mo-



A seven-ton truck goes over a river on a new-type cable bridge. Below, a portable foot bridge

torized things they have on wheels in preparation for whatever comes. It's a motorized war, O. K.—even the cavalry horses ride. The motors range from the skipper's 5-passenger sedan, through the jeep, doodlebugs, side cars and motorcycles to trucks galore—with and without trailers— $\frac{1}{2}$ -ton command, $\frac{1}{2}$ -ton pickup, $1\frac{1}{2}$ -ton dump, $2\frac{1}{2}$ -ton cargo, 4-ton cargo, even 6-ton cargo trucks—

for everything moves on wheels. I mean moves 25, 30, 40, 50 miles per hour—and on up for the motorcycles—and does it take gas and chauffeurs, and above all, *motor mechanics* to keep them rolling! What have we got to repair them?—remember, they don't eventually repair themselves or heal up like a chigger or cootie bite.

Of course, each vehicle has its small tool kit. What we First World War outfits could have done if we had had the various sets that the H. & S. Company of a combat engineer outfit has!

Trucks and motor equipment tear up roads—think what the thousands of trucks did do to those Louisiana and Carolina roads during the big maneuvers last year. Engineers are supposed to keep roads in repair so that artillery, tanks, and all the other vehicles can move over them—and I mean move—it's

too slow to march men, and roads are too valuable for foot soldiers to clutter them up—they would get run over.

Major functions of the regiment (Engineer Combat) are to perform engineer work on roads, railroads, fixed and floating bridges, on barriers and other fortifications for defense of the flanks or rear of the corps, and on corps command posts and other special installations.

What kind of tools have we for the road jobs? Day and night work, you know; they don't have any curfew in this war, either.

(Cont'd on page 51)



Filling sandbags with improvised hopper mounted on truck, in front of revetment for plane protection

"SOLDIERS' MAIL"

-An A.E.F. flashback-
Which should remind you to be
careful what you send the "boys"
in the war today — by Wallgren.

Mail-O!!

Got neething
for Private
Smith?

Or Jones?

CO. CLERK

If any o' them boxes
aint claimed first
call-tur'n 'em over
to me, Corpril!!

FIRST
SGT'S
OFFICE

But,
lotsa
names
aint
called
right,
Top!!

(HE'S
EXPECTING
A GIFT
BOX)

Wot's th' use
o' runnin'?
There aint
never nuthin'
for us!!

Y'never kin
tell - Lookit all
the letters Bucks
qithin' now - and
he never useta
qit any!!

Yeh - and
I still cant
figger out
how come!

He don't know we
put his name in the
"Lonely Hearts" column
for "Lovelorn Ladies"
to copperspond
with him!!

He dunno
he's sipposed
to antser 'em
neither!!

Hunk!! I bet
they sperls a
lotta labels - so's
they can open the
boxes and dwide
'em betwixt
themselves!!

S'matter, Buddy -
You got spec-
trouble?

No-but I
wisht my girl
wouldn't
write me in
Frensh - I
cant trans-
late 'em!!

(SO
CAN
NOBODY
ELSE -
EVEN
WITH A
FRENCH-
ENGLISH
DICTIONARY)

I will gladly
help anybuddy
to open their
mail with my
baynitt!!

Aw, heck!!
After all I
told 'em 'bout
not sendin'
me no more
bananas -
and fresh
fruit!!

Ah! Cum-
quats!! I
see you've
finely got
your Xmas
box too!!

All I ever
qit is a lotta
circlars, n' ads!
Quess I'm still
on the sucker
list!!

Look at this - My
draft board is
still sending me
notices to
report!!

Well -
aintcha
gonia?!

Who's the
lucky person
to get a Sam
Browne belt in
this mail?

I am!! Just
becuz I said
I was gonia be
permoted, Sir!

(TO PVT.
1ST CL.)

Wot - No
sword!?

Y'might
make a nice
punch - or a
fruit salad
outta that
mess!!

Get this - My
granpappy offers
his ole broke-in
meersham pipe
for some "La Vie
Parisiennes!"

How 'bout
some pitcher
post cards!?

More Sax, and sweaters,
from "Sister Susie" - and
not a Pit, or a match, in
the lot, to date!!

You shouldn't
be sore becuz
you dont get a
letter from your
Polks every
mail!!

Why not!?
They allus
slip a buck
in it!!

Mebbe, if'n
wed all pool
our knits wed
qit some Pits,
nez pas!!?

Look at Diggz -
Trying to smoke
the whole boxa cigars
he got before they're
all borried!!

Gosh!! If any-
buddy finds out
I got a carton
of cigaquettes
I'm sunk!

Phew!!

"CHING
GOM,
M'SIEU?"



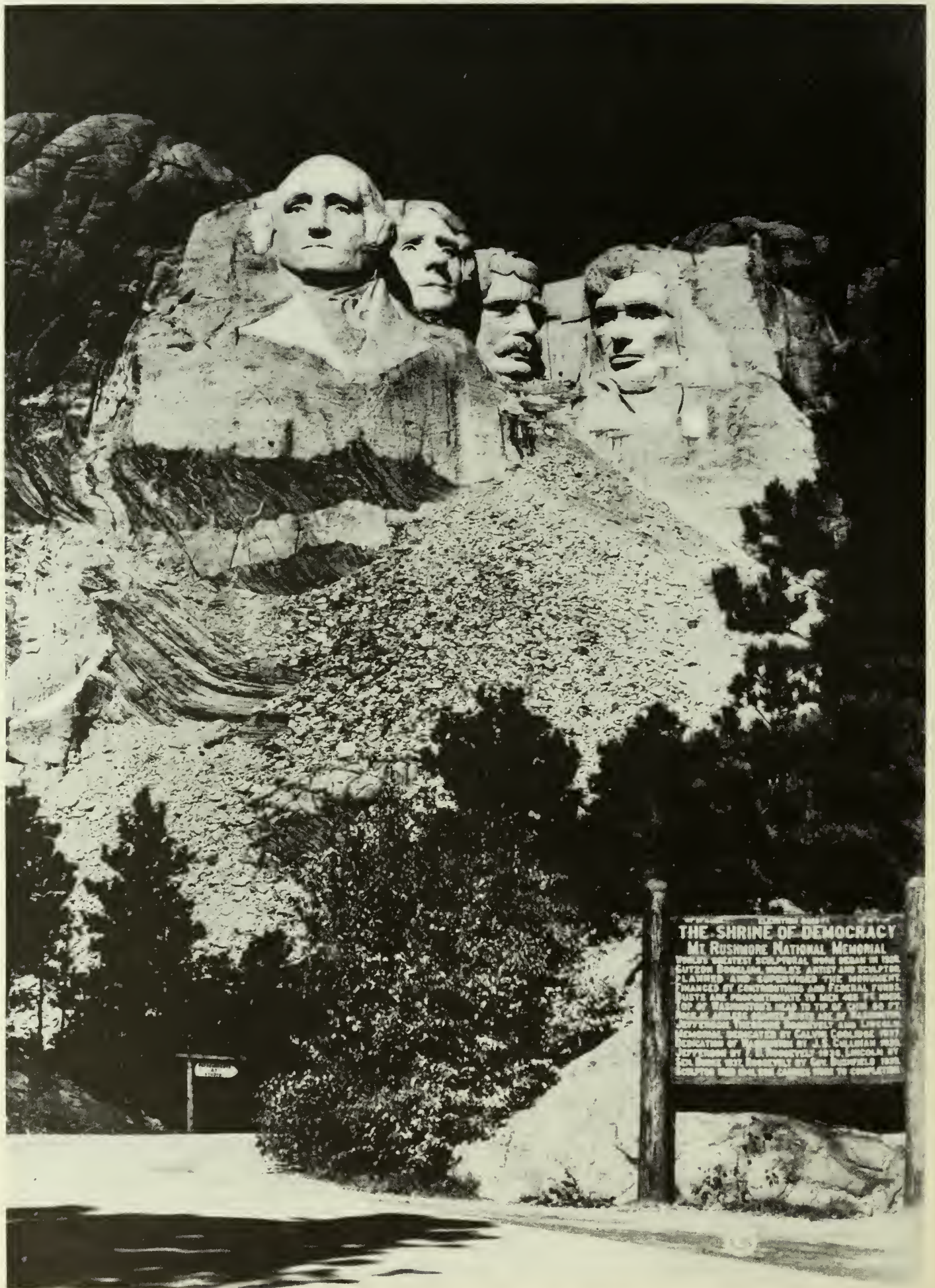
THE CORE OF AMERICANISM

Decoration by C. B. FALLS

IT IS easy to say, "Keep America American," as we have been saying to these many years. But what America? To be sure in the present crisis there is but one America. We have secured a marvelous unity born of a desperate necessity. The illusions of a filmy idealism have vanished in the harsh

By
**D. EARL
DANIEL**

impact with reality. But no nation remains permanently on an even keel. Once America was a fertile field for racial hatreds, class strife, exploitation and economic warfare. We have succeeded admirably in pushing back into
(Continued on page 46)



GET THEM THE STUFF

EDITORIAL

By the time you read these words the march of events may have completely outmoded them, may even have made them look just a bit foolish. We hope that happens.

For this is a plea to the people of this nation to bury their animosities, forget their bickerings and get on with the only business that is in order—the winning of this war for sheer survival of this nation. God knows we've got to have a continuous and ever mounting stream of goods flowing to our armed forces so that they may deliver the death blows to the mechanized might of the totalitarian gangsters arrayed against us and against every decent group in every nation.

In this critical, this high desperate hour when Wainwright's men, cruelly outnumbered, are fighting valiantly on Bataan, when the forces of the United Nations everywhere are crying for planes, tanks, guns and ammunition, what do we see in the United States?

We see production rising, but not fast enough. We see conditions between capital and labor improving, but we also see occasional work stoppages in vital war plants, and that sort of thing should be outlawed at this stage of the game. We hear stories about capital getting outrageous profits, about labor bosses refusing to subordinate their selfish interests, we see both employers and workers exploiting the desperate needs of the nation, we hear about this abuse and that abuse.

"Where there is no vision the people perish."

Let's get the vision of what all this world situation means to us and to those who will follow us in this goodly land. Our fate and theirs rests with the boys in the fighting services, who are carrying on at a pittance, laying down their lives that you, and you and you, employer and employe carrying on your daily affairs far from the danger zone, may look forward to a normal life, without

even the piddling sacrifices you are now making, some time after the next two or three years. Those soldiers, sailors, marines and coast guardsmen, yes, and the merchant sailors have got what it takes to whip the Axis, and the plain fact of the matter is that we're letting them down by not giving them the equipment they need. Our men in uniform are smart and in sheer raw courage nobody's got anything on them. Let's back them up with complete and total production, with the spectacle of a nation actually in arms, which means that nobody is shirking.

The Axis boasts that its armies and its peoples are disciplined. Their discipline, as you know, is the discipline imposed by a very small group, and the assent of the

armies and people of those nations is based on fear. We can match and overmatch them, man for man in the army, and man for man and woman for woman behind the lines, by the simple expedient of self discipline.

Our men are fighting and dying to save you and me. Let's prove to them in the only way they can understand that we really appreciate them—by getting them the stuff.

NATIONAL EMPLOYMENT WEEK

THE week of May 3-9, 1942 will be National Employment Week, devoted this year to stimulating the training of older workers for the war industries. They have need for every trained man whose services can be secured.

The success of National Employment Week in previous years has been due to united efforts of The American Legion and the government agencies centered under the Federal Security Administrator. The federal employment offices in every State have been encouraged to give careful attention to the older workers, men and women above the age of forty.

In this war year we need to secure training in skilled and semi-skilled work for the older men and women. This training may be arranged through several government agencies, which include:

- The United States Office of Education, through public vocational schools
- The Civilian Conservation Corps
- The National Youth Administration
- The War Production Board, Labor Supply Divisions, Training with Industry branch
- The Department of Labor, apprenticeship training controlled by organizations, contacted through the Division of Labor Standards

Inquiries with respect to opportunities for training should be directed to nearest United States employment offices, which are in touch with the various agencies and facilities nearest to their local offices.

Each year The American Legion has conducted National Employment Week, sponsored by a proclamation from the President of the United States, and aided by public spirited organizations, churches, clubs, trade associations and many other agencies. The purpose has been steadfast, to secure gainful employment for older workers, especially war veterans. This year finds the United States needing every man who can be trained for the necessary all-out war production.

"I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS"

An unusual full-length view of the Shrine of Democracy that is the Mount Rushmore National Memorial, showing the manner in which the visitor comes upon this famous spot at Keystone, South Dakota, in the Black Hills. The memorial was conceived and executed by the late Gutzon Borglum, who carved from the living rock the figures of Washington, Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln, men of vision and courage whose services to democracy are the inspirational heritage of all America.



COME TO NEW ORLEANS

DEAR LEGIONNAIRES:
I am glad you are coming to New Orleans next September for your convention. Now, when our minds and hearts are so full of sympathy for those downtrodden in war-ridden countries, and when we are all so concerned for our own boys fighting for the democratic way of life as you did only a few short years ago, it is well that some relaxation comes into our minds so we can forget, temporarily, the tragedy and misery brought into the



Above: "Three Oaks," typical of the plantation homes to be found around New Orleans. At left, Dorothy Dix, whose syndicated newspaper column has been mending broken romances these many years

world by despots we must unseat.

So, you are coming to New Orleans! New Orleans appeals to persons of all ages. To the young it is the one city in which the days of the gracious past are lived again and New Orleans can picture it as it was when dashing Southern chivalry was at its height.



High above the lush countryside a railroad train rushes over a forest of steel that marks the approach to the Huey P. Long Bridge across the Mississippi

I like to live in New Orleans:

Because it is one of the most interesting cities in the world and unique in the United States.

Because history lies in its old buildings and romance lures you down the streets of the Vieux Carré.

Because it is leavened with the Latin blood that gives it imagination and puts laughter on its lips, and that keeps it from being just the hard place where

a metropolis and small enough to be friendly and folksy.

Because almost every house has its garden and its flowers.

Because it has the best market in the world: it not only has fresh vegetables growing in its gardens the year 'round, but every variety of seafood of unsurpassed excellence, every delicacy that other parts of the country supply, and strange tropical fruits and vegetables brought in by swift steamers from Central and South America.

Because cooking is a religious rite in New Orleans and its Creole-African-American School of Cookery is not excelled anywhere on earth.

Because it has fine universities and schools that offer the best educational advantages, and because its hospitals and doctors are the tops.

Because it is an enterprising, wide-awake, progressive business center that offers the best opportunities to ambitious men and women, both commercially and professionally.

Because you can live in luxury in it

By **DOROTHY
DIX**



Newcomb College for Women, which has maintained a high standing for well over a half century in a State noted for its colleges and universities



A charming miss dressed in a costume of the period opens the door for your visit to a home of the 1850's

men slave to make money, that most cities are.

Because it knows how to play as well as to work.

Because it has a delightful social and cultural life and is one of the few places in which conversation is still practiced as an art.

Because it has a balmy and pleasant climate, with eight months of perfect weather.

Because it is just the right size, big enough to give you every advantage of



A beautiful example of the lace iron balconies that adorn so many homes in the French Quarter of the Crescent City

★ **THE NAVY RELIEF SOCIETY**

THE Navy Relief Society—whose work is familiar to every man who served in '17 and '18—is campaigning for five million dollars.

This is to take care of emergency needs of the families of Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard men.

Legionnaires understand how essential it is to a fighting man's morale to know that his loved ones are provided for.

Help by giving to your local Navy Relief committee and by publicly sponsoring Navy Relief at every opportunity.

★ **THE ARMY EMERGENCY RELIEF**

DEAR Buddies: In 1918 you were fire-eatin', hell-for-leather Yanks.

Well, we're the same—we're your sons. But we need help. Some of our wives and youngsters require care, but the AER—Army Emergency Relief—is newly organized, needs funds.

So, while we're up front fighting, give us a hand: Support AER benefits and send contributions to

AER, War Department,
Washington, D. C.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER OF 1942

They turn out in uniform 14,000 strong for Veterans' State Fair Day at Lincoln

NEBRASKA'S BULGING MAILBAG



FOR twenty-odd years now The American Legion has had a problem. It has put gray hairs on Adjutants, wrinkles on Commanders and new words in the cussing vocabulary of every Legion officer confronted by it. You put two Department Adjutants in the same room and in five minutes they'll salt their beer with their tears over how to solve the problem.

The problem? How to get Posts to make a full report of their activities to Department Headquarters. How to find out and tabulate with some completeness what Posts do in their community in any given year.

"My cripes!" the moan goes, "the Posts keep busy. But just try and get them to answer a letter. Why, mostly, you never hear except when they send in their membership cards."

In my rambles through the Departments I have found it generally true that Department Headquarters learns of Post activities through newspaper clippings of the event or through the reports of the Department Committee Chairmen who dig out the facts to at-

By
**FREDERICK
C. PAINTON**

test their own activity. There are, of course, one or two Departments where this does not obtain. There are a few Post Commanders in every Department who, gifted with a sense of publicity, let the world know what they do. But these are the exceptions and not the rule.

Consequently it is practically impossible to estimate accurately the enormous amount of service given by the more than 11,000 Posts of the Legion. At least, it has been impossible heretofore.

In Nebraska I discovered that J. Frank MacDermott, the Commander, and Pat Patterson, the Adjutant, have found the answer to this problem. They get mail from Posts by the bag. The Department

Illustrations by WILL GRAVEN

budget for postage has gone up from \$300 to over \$800 a year. They get a tabulation of Post activities that is amazing.

So if you Department officers will bend an eye I'll get Mac and Pat to tell you how it's done.

We sat, the three of us, on the twelfth floor of Nebraska's magnificent Capitol building in Lincoln, and Mac said, "Maybe because we're an agricultural State where the problem hits hardest we've devoted more thought to it. You know, the Legion is the perfect democracy. If a Post doesn't want to answer a letter it just doesn't, and what can you do about it?"

Eager, sincere Pat Patterson broke in, "You've got to appeal to the Post's pride. That's why we started the Post Inspection Service. Once a year the District Commander inspects every Post in his area. If he can't make a certain Post, a County Commander from another county does it for him. He inspects for conduct, records, organization, publicity,

Americanism, Community Service and miscellaneous activities."

Pat grinned. "Well figure the answer for yourself. No Post wants it discovered that it is dead but not ready to lie down. No Post Commander wants the embarrassment of having it known that his year of office produced no record of worthy activities. So he makes it his business to keep a record of projects. The inspection officer records them and forwards his report with his comments to us. The award of the Edgar J. Boschult Trophy to the Post with the best inspection chart stimulates even more interest."

"One thing more," MacDermott interposed, "the Post members are anxious to have a good inspection record, so the system helps to get elected Post Commanders who are go-getters and not just putting in their time."

"Grand Island Post 54 won the Boschult Trophy last year," Pat went on, digging out the Post's inspection report, "with a grand total of 1974 points. Just to show you, out of 58 separate items listed for inspection the Post had scores on 48. And by listing special activities on five different projects they boosted their total to 53."

He paused, and pointed to typewritten notations on the back. "Now, Grand Island got credits for giving a flag to the Salvation Army, establishing a milk fund, an Iron Lung fund, a National Guard Service Fund (to feed National Guardsmen); they held a special conference, and gave trees to a city park."

"What I mean is, that but for this inspection service we would never have heard even of the big Post activities much less of these special projects."

"You said it," grinned Mac, "and when the Posts with only a thousand

score hear about the inspector's comments at the tail of the report their ears burn and they swear to do better. And do."

"We work one other angle in conjunction with the Post inspection service," Pat went on. "Every month I mail to each Post Commander a suggested list of Post activities. And I send with it a questionnaire in which the Post Commander or Adjutant must list exactly what he's done with these suggestions. Here's one for December. I suggest things to do, like soliciting broken toys and repairing them for indigent kids. Helping the kids with winter sports, like flooding a skating rink. Having an old-timer night at Post meeting, or holding a debate or an annual banquet, or Past Commander night, or having a movie or getting a local attorney to give an A-B-C explanation of the Constitution."

"The Post officers have to fill in the questionnaire as to which of these they did, if any, and what else they did."

"It's taken time—even years—to build up a solid response. At first, only a few Posts sent in all questionnaires. Some sent in half, others only two or three. But the Post Inspection service has made them want to extend their activities, and they now seize on these ideas and carry out such of them as can be useful locally."

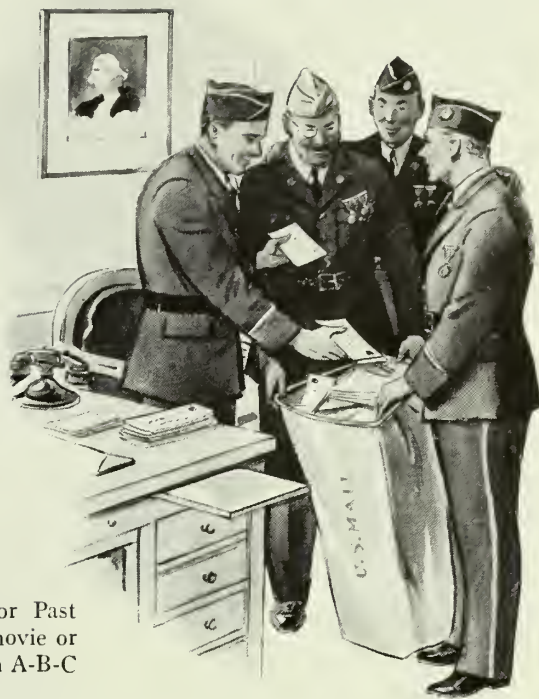
"You'd be surprised," said Mac, "how this has helped all our other headaches. For instance, our annual turnover in membership is down to thirteen percent and it runs twenty-five most every place else. And we have nearly fifty percent of our eligibles enrolled—this in spite of a ten-year drought that kept the farmers one jump ahead of the sheriff. We had 18,660 members out of a potential of 37,000."

This brought up another stunt that has helped Nebraska achieve its remarkable efficiency or organization.

"Every fall," Patterson said, "we have an annual 'Man-Hunt.' Every Post is sent the name and address of every Legionnaire or former Legionnaire—or veteran—in its district.

The Post has to inform us if the man is dead, moved away, and if not joining, why he didn't join. Thus if a veteran moves to another area the Post there is notified and he is contacted."

The mail comes in from the Posts a bag at a time



Another reason for Nebraska's responsiveness to Department Headquarters is the use of three-man "control" in standing committees. Only one man each year goes off, leaving two with experience to carry on.

"A committee of twelve—fourteen," said MacDermott, "is too unwieldy. We can't afford the money for them to meet. But we can pay the expenses of the three-man control and as a consequence the committee has to show results—or else."

"A lot of Posts have adopted the control idea," Patterson told me, "and more and more Posts are committee-run. The Post Commander acts as an executive, and it would warm your heart to hear those committee controls sound off in meetings."

"You know, I suppose," MacDermott said, "that our Post Service Officer set-up is considered the best in the nation."

He explained how the State government—headed by Legionnaires from the Governor down—had put it in the law that a disabled veteran must seek the nearest Legion Post to file his claim. This together with the State Service Endowment Fund has thrown on the local Post the responsibility of caring for disabled veterans, widows and orphans in its locality.

"Nebraska," explained Patterson, "instead of giving a bonus to the veteran, set up an endowment fund of \$2,000,000. The income from this—around \$60,000 a year—is pro-rated among the Posts according to the number of veterans in the locality. It is set up as an annual payment. If the Post has no immediate use for the money, it accumulates to the Post's

(Continued on page 54)



Soliciting broken toys and mending them for indigent kids is a regular activity

IT'S A Million Dollar IDEA



THIS piece comes under the head of important news—it is a plan developed by August Matthias Post of Westport, Connecticut, which promises, literally, to be a million-dollar idea. That is, a million dollars if adopted by a few Departments, but will run into really important money if it is used by Posts and Departments generally over the country. A hundred million—all for the use of our Uncle Samuel invested in Defense Bonds and Stamps—is not too little to expect if put into anything like nation-wide operation. The Nutmeg Legionnaires are enthusiastic about it, and it is returning dividends for the Defenders of Bataan and all America, up in that section of New England.

It is simply a plan whereby the active civilian defense workers kick in a small sum each week for the purchase of a Defense Bond—the individual contribution is small, to be sure, but quarters make dollars and enough of them will buy a bomber. It might be urged that the plan contemplates putting an additional burden on the willing workhorses, but at this time one cannot stop to quibble about personal sacrifice. We've got a war



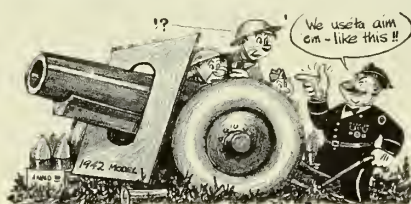
to win and we must win it—and each one, Legionnaires leading the vanguard, must do a little more than his share.

Here's the "Westport idea." It is simple and easy and worthy of consideration by every Legion Post because it can be adapted to any form of Post activity, even to a check-off at Post meetings. August Matthias Post operates the aircraft spotting tower at Burial Hill, near its home town, and the plan was developed during the long watches

Observation tower operated by August Matthias Post, Westport, Connecticut, with leaders who developed out the Bond purchase program

of the night when Walt Brown and other Post leaders were mulling over some way to utilize the spotters to raise money to prosecute the war. Operating the tower on a twenty-four-hour basis, seven days each week, requires the services of one hundred and sixty-eight men and women. As the spotters arrive to stand a two-hour watch, each deposits twenty-five cents in an envelope marked with his name. This money—a total of \$6—is collected at the end of each day by the Officer of the Day and is turned over to Walter Boyce, Air-raid District Inspector, and each day Inspector Boyce buys Defense Stamps and places them in the booklets marked up in the name of the contributor. Thus, at the end of each week the single spotting tower has collected \$42, plus the two-bit pieces contributed by the staff officers.

At the end of the year, by making an additional payment of \$5.75, each spotter will have purchased one twenty-five-dollar bond and the aircraft spotters will own a matured value of \$4475 in Defense Bonds. That will



represent an actual investment of \$3356.25 in a twelve-month period by the 179 men and women of the Westport's observation tower.

"Several Posts in the District have adopted the plan and it is being spread through channels of the Department organization," says Commander Harry B. Wood, who recently returned to active service as a lieutenant colonel, stationed at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. "If all the Connecticut spotters are lined up to chip in their twenty-five cents for each tour of duty—usually one or two tours a week—this one Department will raise several hundred thousand dollars in a year. When explained to an army officer of our Interceptor Command he became enthusiastic and urged that the plan be spread through the entire Legion as a natural buttress to the civilian defense program and bond sale campaign, and without saying just how many observation Posts are now activated in the United States, he did say that this one idea had a possibility of a bond sale of sixty million dollars a year."

So, it is easy to operate, and it is easy on the pocketbook. Non-Legion volunteers who join in the air-warning service are just as glad to increase their holdings of Defense Bonds as are Legionnaires. And there is the possibility of so organizing the "Westport idea" that it will return as much as a hundred million dollars in Defense Bonds—what a lift that would give Frank Belgrano, who is directing the nationwide Defense Bond sale and pledge campaign.

Over in a neighboring town, in the same Nutmeg State, Danbury Post claims to be the first to put its own car in service to transport spotters to and from the observation tower, and has a photograph to back its claim, says Legionnaire Wilbert O. Jacob. Soon after the observation post went on a twenty-four-hour basis it became apparent that the problem of getting the watchers to and from the tower was one that must be reckoned with. This problem was solved when Legionnaire Cipriano F. Mazzia, of Danbury Post, formerly of Hutchinson (Kansas) Post, made an outright present of a seven-passenger car from his stock. Now, in addition to the corps of one hundred and seventy-five spotters, the Post has organized a corps of volunteer drivers to transport the relief watches to the isolated tower and bring the old watch back to the City of Hats.

It is a long jump from Westport and Danbury, Connecticut, to Banning, California—something over 3,000 miles—



Banning, California, built an observation tower to keep watch over a vital area

but in each section the brand of Legion service is the same. Banning is located in Southern California, some miles inland, but in a section that must have the watchful eye of trained observers to warn of approaching raiders, if any dare to try to make a second Pearl Harbor of the Los Angeles sector. So, Banning Post, with the help of the community, erected an observation tower—the first one, it is claimed, to be built especially for aircraft warning purposes in that State.

The tower was officially dedicated at a public meeting held early in February

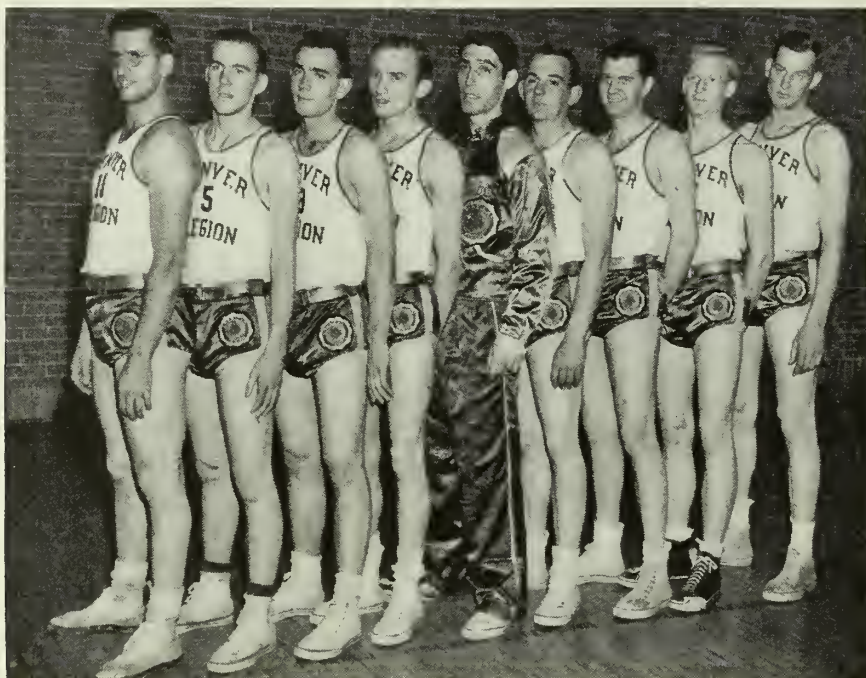
when Major John C. Gray, Chief of the Aircraft Warning Service, Fourth Interceptor Command, who was the chief speaker, commended the community for its energy in organizing and perfecting an air-warning service and highly complimented Joe Hickey, Vice Commander of Banning Post, Area Supervisor, and the corps of watchers under the Chief Observer, Mrs. O. R. Stanfield.

Our country has a long coast line on its eastern and western limits, each section of which is under the observation of trained watchers. It is not only on the coast, but for many miles inland that these Legion watch-towers are maintained, nearly all of them on a twenty-four-hour-day basis. Many towers have been erected under Legion sponsorship, but in most cases existing buildings have been converted to observation tower purposes. Morristown (New Jersey) Post, says Adjutant C. A. Werker, found it necessary to construct their own tower. Contributions came to cover all needs of construction and furnishing, even down to a liberal supply of coffee and doughnuts sent to the men on the night tours by the Salvation Army. This tower is on full time duty with a corps of more than two hundred Legionnaires and volunteers to man it. Daily schedules are made up a week in advance, thus lightening the burden of long and frequent watches. It takes some time to run the length of the roster.

Another form of civilian defense, which includes aircraft warning in the scope of its training, is the emergency patrols organized more especially as police auxiliaries. A great number of these patrols have been organized and brought to a high state of efficiency,



Malone (New York) Post—up on the Canadian border—swapped its check for \$4,000 worth of security in National Defense Bonds



National Champs are the "Denver Legion" basketball team playing under sponsorship of Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post of Denver, Colorado

and several have rendered conspicuous service in times of need. Just by way of reporting one such patrol—and the million-dollar idea of August Matthias Post can be adapted to these patrols just as easily as to the aircraft warning service—let's take a look at the emergency patrol organized last year by Commodore Denig Post of Sandusky, Ohio, under the direction of Past Commander Alvin Weichel. The thirty members of the patrol meet each Friday evening, reports Past Commander C. H. Richardson, for study of the various phases of emergency work, from jiu jitsu and first aid to methods of combating fire and police work and traffic control. Hugo Allendorf, the Post's first Commander, supervises all instruction work with Otto Holzaepfel as his assistant. Nearly all the members of the patrol have had experience in emergency disaster work. Sheriff William Souter and Chief of Police Roland Bravard, both Legionnaires, have served as instructors in their particular fields, stressing the traffic control instruction for immediate service in event of need during a blackout or other emergency.

All-Out Defense

IT IS but a short step from telling about the "Westport idea" to telling about what some few of the Posts are doing to back up our Uncle Samuel on the financial front. All these reports came in before Director Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., readied the Legion forces for a nation-wide campaign for the sale and pledge of Defense Bonds, and these reports are but a few among those from the hundreds of Posts that have bought, most of them at a great sacrifice. Many Posts take their contribution in stride and do

not trouble to report to Department or National Headquarters of their actions.

One of the most active Legion units in western New York is Adam Plewacki Post of Buffalo, whose membership is made up of veterans of Polish descent. In fact the list of its Past Commanders reads like a roster of the Polish National Guard—there are the Wylegala boys, Leon and Victor, John Mikolajczak, Stanley F. Ceranski, Stanley H. Wierzbowski, John E. Culkowski, Joseph E. Morlock, Casimer T. Partyak, Frank B. Witek, Albert J. Gerspach, Victor L. Monczynski, Leon S. Kurek, Edward B. Nowak, Francis E. Fronczak and Joseph E. Olzynski. The present Commander is Joseph J. Nagorski, and its Adjutant is Roy Pech. The Stepkeeper has very pleasant memories of visits to the comfortable club rooms of this hospitable Post in company with National Commanders Ed Hayes, Frank N. Belgrano and Ray Murphy.

Though very comfortably fixed, Adam Plewacki Post has for a few years been laying up a fund for the purpose of building a club house of its own. But when the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor the Post very promptly resolved that Uncle

Sam came first, and the new building could wait. It directed Finance Officer John Culkowski to put the whole nest-egg into Defense Bonds—\$40,000 in Bonds and an additional \$500 in Defense Stamps. The Post will retain its building site, valued at \$10,000, and await the end of the war before attempting construction.

Pearl Harbor struck close to the members of Adam Plewacki Post, for it was there on that Sunday morning that Raymond P. Pawlowski, son of a Post member and himself active in the Adam Plewacki Squadron of Sons of the Legion, died gloriously in defense of his native country. He was one of the first—perhaps the first member of the Sons of the Legion to fall in this Second World War while wearing the uniform of our country. Honors were paid to his memory and his father's Post remembers Pearl Harbor sadly, sorrowfully, and with a determination to do its best to protect the sons of other members.

James C. Ludwig Post of Baltimore, Maryland, was organized in 1938, but soon after its organization it began to lay up some money to build a clubhouse. Adjutant Jerome R. Senkyr now reports that the \$1,500 in the building fund has been diverted to Defense Bonds. Up on the Canadian border, Malone (New York) Post swapped its check for \$4,000 worth of Bonds. And Commander Leo J. Dapser reports that William McKinley Post of Chicago, Illinois, invested \$1,500 in national defense and at the same time sent a check for \$50 as a contribution to the United Service Organizations.

Medford (Massachusetts) Post, says Adjutant Frank J. Barter, sponsored a "Bonds for Bombers" show in the local high school auditorium. Various acts were supplied by the American Guild of



Poppies for remembrance. Winter Park (Florida) Memorial Post observed its Poppy Day on February 2d

Variety Artists, transportation was furnished by the Red Cross Motor Corps, and expenses were held down rigidly. The admission charge was fixed at the purchase of at least one twenty-five-cent Defense Stamp, which was retained by the purchaser. In all, the gate receipts amounted to \$23,255, all for defense, to say nothing about the splendid evening of entertainment.

Babylon (New York) Post rings the changes on the attendance prize at each meeting, says Adjutant Charles C. Birs, which has served to stimulate the sale of Stamps and also brings in a regular attendance at the Post meetings. The attendance prize is \$5 in Defense Stamps; each member kicks in ten cents, or three chances for twenty-five cents, and at the close of the meeting when the drawing is held the first two tickets drawn receive \$2.50 each. The amount collected in excess of \$5 is placed in a fund for the purchase of a \$25 bond, which is drawn as a capital prize from the tickets used in drawing the \$5 attendance prize. Each member who has contributed to the \$5 drawing thus has a chance to take down the \$25 bonus.

Denver Champs

PLAYING under the sponsorship of Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post and under the management of Legionnaire Leo J. Crowley, the crack "Denver Legion" basketball team has made a lot of sport history for its mile-high home town. Winners of the National A. A. U. championship in 1939, the team was nosed out in the finals in 1940 by the Bartlesville, Oklahoma, "Phillips 66" team.

The "Denver Legion" team took its place in the headlines again on March



C. C. Thomas Navy Post Rescue Squad, assigned to Headquarters of San Francisco's Red Cross, won its place on merit. It's 100 percent Navy

21st when, at the A. A. U. Tournament in Denver, it vanquished the rival "Phillips 66" team for the national championship. In addition, three of its members were picked for All-American honors—Player-Coach Jack McCracken, Ace Gruenig, and Bill Strannigan. The latter is not shown in the team's picture on the preceding page. Bob Marsh and Jack Harvey, mighty names in the basketball world, were picked for second team honors.

Other players on the "Denver Legion" are Haskell Leuty, Art Unger, Bob Marks and Jack Gray. Strannigan reported for service in the Navy on the Monday following the games, the same day that Marks reported for Army service. In one game the team played, the gate of \$4,300 was turned over to the infantile paralysis fund.



SELECTED for service in the Number One hot spot in case of emergency because of superior training and availability, the C. C. Thomas Navy Post Rescue Squad has been assigned to duty as the Headquarters Rescue Squad of The American Red Cross of San Francisco, California. A rescue truck, given

anonymously to the Chapter, and other equipment valued at more than \$7,000 has been placed in its care. The squad has about thirty members who are graduates of the standard Red Cross First Aid course, and with the other members who are expert drivers, machinists, plumbers, electricians, and other specialists needed to complete the corps, the total membership is fifty.

The Rescue Squad was organized in 1940 when Ralph Stern was inducted as Commander of C. C. Thomas Navy

Post, and he continues as Chairman, assisted by Vice Chairman Vadie Bevers and Meyer Chaban.

That's Diplomacy

A LOT of honest sweat went into the building of a roomy parking lot adjacent to the fine Charles Faust Post clubhouse at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. (Keeping Step, December, 1937.) Members just had time to be proud of their job when outsiders moved in and took the lot for themselves. It wasn't long before Post members had to hunt parking places elsewhere.

This presented a delicate point of policy. A "Keep Out" sign was sure to provoke ill will. Ordinary signs were not effective and no relief was had until, by a stroke of genius, the Post put up a sign reading "Parking \$1.00 per Hour, Members Excepted." And that solved the problem. It was not only effective in keeping the lot exclusive for use of the Legionnaires, but the humor of the situation caught the fancy of outsiders. And

(Continued on page 58)



A stroke of diplomacy in signboards keeps Charles Faust Post's parking lot open and free for use of members of the Cuyahoga Falls Legion Post

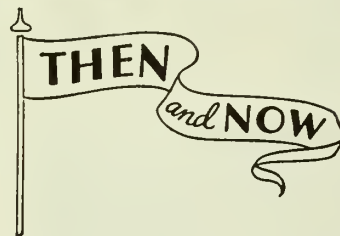
Back to the



Now: A veteran of B Battery, 128th Field Artillery, helps man a 75 at Fort Sill, Oklahoma

ACCORDING to information this department has obtained, the War Department seems to be having a bit of trouble with some of the vets of our war who have again donned the uniform which they doffed almost a quarter of a century ago when the "war to end all wars" had been won by us. The difficulty? What more natural than that a veteran request that he be assigned to his old outfit, provided that outfit or one bearing the same designation is a part of the present forces?

Some of them have been lucky. Teddy Roosevelt, with the rank of colonel, was assigned to command of his old regiment, the 26th Infantry, 1st Division, at least until his promotion to brigadier general. But when Jack MacNider (Colonel Hanford MacNider), Past National Commander of the Legion, paid a visit to our Orderly Room several weeks ago, he said he had requested that he be returned to command of his regiment, the 9th Infantry, 2d Division, in which he had distinguished himself during our war, but was



laughed at and told he was "too old." He looked in the pink of condition to us. Since then we have heard, unofficially, that he is now Down Under and we know he will prove of inestimable

value to General MacArthur, who the day before this report was written had arrived in Australia to take command of the troops of the United Nations in that area.

So, too, with the rest of the gang who have *not* re-upped. What greater thrill than to return to the old outfit—through reunions, we mean—and especially when such reunions are held in or near the old training camp? For instance, until the

start of the present training program for the Army, the 78th Division veterans each year held their reunion at Camp (now Fort) Dix, New Jersey, where they had trained, and in 1920 this department's infantry regiment met in the old regimental building at Camp Funston, Kansas, its old stamping grounds.

Behold, therefore, the pictures on this and the opposite page—then and now pictures of artillerymen who last year sojourned for their reunion in the neighborhood of their 1917-18 training camp and inspected that camp, now thor-



Then: Range practice with a 75 at Fort Sill in 1918 with men of B Battery on the job

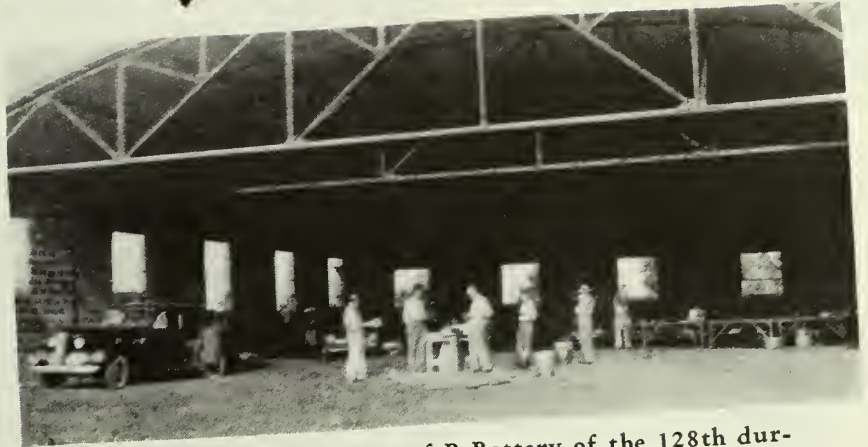
Battery again



oughly modernized. We can thank Legionnaire Peter S. Miravelle of 3615 Olive Street, St. Louis, Missouri, one of the organizers of the B Battery Veterans Club, whose membership is "limited exclusively to former members of B Battery, 128th Field Artillery," for the pictures. If these pictures and the following story from Comrade Miravelle don't instill a longing to hold a reunion of your old gang—provided it isn't one of the hundreds of outfits that do—then something is wrong:

"A group of over thirty former artillerymen, in addition to a number of sons

pitched cots for our improvised camp where private planes will eventually be



Now: Official headquarters of B Battery of the 128th during its reunion—an airplane hangar near Oklahoma City

the 'processing' that selectees undergo when they enter service, and what a difference it was to the time when we entered the sagebrush which later became Camp Doniphan. Our men slept in pup tents for several weeks before pyramid tents could be made available. And what a contrast between those days of outdoor plumbing and water carried in bags and tanks from Medicine Lake (and the water really tasted like medicine!), compared to the present-day facilities of indoor plumbing, hot and cold running water, mess halls and kitchens that glitter with stainless steel and aluminum for preparation of the finest meals the Army has ever had!

"Fortunately for us, on the day we were there, there were artillery firing



Then: Battery street of B Battery at Camp Doniphan, Oklahoma, in 1918

whom the dads had taken along, pulled out of St. Louis last June for a reunion in Oklahoma City and a visit to Fort Sill, at which latter Post they trained as members of B Battery, 128th Field Artillery, 35th Division, from August, 1917, until April, 1918. These veterans, all members of 128th Field Artillery Post of The American Legion, journeyed by auto caravan to Oklahoma City, where they were the guests of their comrade, Bill Garthoeffner, on his nearby farm. Bill has a private airport and the boys bivouacked in his newly-constructed airplane hangar. We drove our cars into the hangar, forming a semi-circle, and



housed. The B Battery boys were guests also of the Oklahoma City Flying Club, as well as of the Legionnaires there.

"Several of our men came from other parts of the country and that reunion was certainly worth the trip. The real thrill, however, came on the second day when we all were guests of General G. R. Allin, Commandant of Fort Sill, who by way of coincidence had during our war been colonel in command of our 128th Field Artillery Regiment.

"In mid-morning, the general and his staff received the B Battery veterans and their sons, and assigned Lieutenant Carl O. Hagman, Public Relations Officer, to look after our detail. We transferred from our cars to a fleet of 'blitz buggies' and were taken on a tour of inspection of the entire camp, which is a marvel of present-day military training facilities. Except for several old stone buildings which were there at the time of our training, the old Fort was hardly recognizable.

"We soldiers of old were put through

H.M.S. "AQUITANIA."

IMPORTANT INSTRUCTIONS.

- Do not lose this card.
- You will find your Life Belt at the head of your bunk and must be worn when orders are issued.
- Great care is to be taken of Life Belts. They must not be damaged.
- They will be required for future voyages.
- Every man must make himself acquainted with the shortest route to his Boat Station.
- When the signal is sounded—One long, followed by a series of short blasts on the siren, troops will immediately proceed to their Boat Station.
- Do not rush but walk quickly.
- Silence is to be observed.

Remember your steamship ticket for a European trip in 1917-18?

problems in the day's schedule and we had the pleasure of direct observation of six batteries of 75's and one battery of 155's doing a noble job of destroying their targets.

"After a trip up Medicine Mountain, where we could again catch a glimpse of that old target, the Block House on Signal Mountain, and a brief visit to the P. C. station, we were driven in our blitz buggies to the gun positions. Here came a further thrill. One of the red-leg vets was invited to serve as No. 1 man on a gun crew firing 75's and that vet happened to be me, former corporal of B Battery, 128th Field Artillery. I assisted in firing a salvo of two rounds—and after that heroic act, my comrades checked my blood pressure carefully and found I was still qualified for duty.

"The large photograph I am enclosing shows me on duty with the rest of the gun crew composed of our new soldiers. The snapshot is of two of our men on similar duty back in the good old days. As further comparison of then and now, I am sending a picture of the battery street of B Battery at Camp Doniphan twenty-five years ago, almost, and a snapshot of our reunion headquarters in 1941 in Bill's hangar.

"After our visit to the range we were guests at the Officers Club and again what a contrast between the old and the new. We discovered a beautiful swimming pool for the enjoyment of the families of the permanent troops at the Fort, as well as an ideal golf course. In addition, there is a grade school for the children of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the permanent staff.

"The clock swung around to Retreat and the end of our visit, one that will never be forgotten by our old gang of red-legs. This was our first reunion away from St. Louis, where about 95% of our original battery enlisted, and we hope that more of the old comrades will join us at our annual reunions in the home town. I'd like to hear from all of them."

MAN the lifeboats! But for one group there was no lifeboat. . . . But we're getting



Homeward bound! A troop train with a St. Aignan Casual Company puffs south to . . .



Marseilles, France, where the men board the S. S. *Patria* and cross the Mediterranean for . . .



Oran, Algeria: the *Patria* being coaled for the Atlantic voyage to New York in 1919

ahead of the story. First, take a look on the preceding page at one of the passage

tickets issued to some two million tourists to the A. E. F. in 1917 and 1918. At least, we suppose that most of the two million received such tickets. On the face of this particular exhibit appears: "Berth 2143—'C' Deck—Mess No. 2, 'D' Deck, Second Sitting—Number of Boat—25 N." The reproduction is somewhat reduced in size and somewhat the worse for wear, but we are glad that Lee E. McDermet, P. O. 2271, Denver, Colorado, sent it along as an illustration for Then and Now because of the unusual story that accompanied it. Read on:

"On April 2, 1918, about 180 Medical Department casualties boarded the *Aqui-*

tania and tugs nosed her out into the Hudson River while the men were being directed to their bunks on that transport. Before day was done, Boat Drill sounded and our gang was told where to line up for assignment to lifeboats and rafts.

"We were instructed to look at our passage cards and step forward two paces when the boat or raft number that appears on them was called—the remainder to fall back, reforming the line. After this check was finished, there were about a dozen of us whose number had not been called and as we were in a presentable line, we were overlooked.

"Among the left-overs was an ex-sailor named Mitchell who had had two hitches in the Navy behind him, but because of his ambition to become an ambulance driver, had enlisted in the Medics. When we were dismissed, he asked me to show him my card and found I had No. 25 on it, as did the rest of our small gang. After the others assigned to boats had walked away, Mitchell inspected the numbers on the boats and rafts and discovered that the series ended at No. 24.

"We decided not to say anything about it and had four days of bunk fatigue while the rest of the soldier passengers stood Boat Drill. On the fifth day a lieutenant found us and roared, 'What goes on here?' I being the first to see the bar on his shoulder, jumped off my bunk, saluted, and said, 'Sir, we have no lifeboat.' He immediately marched us to the station marked on our cards, reporting us to an officer there who confirmed the fact

that there was no raft No. 25—and proceeded to assign each of us to rafts No. 13 to No. 24, inclusive, at that station, and so ended our bunk fatigue during Boat Drill!

"The lieutenant, half smiling, told me he didn't blame us for avoiding that formation but added that as we were approaching the submarine danger zone, we would be wise to stand Boat Drill from then on. It just goes to show what thoughtless youngsters we were.

"I had been a member of the 6th Division (Cont'd on page 59)



Comrades of Joseph Young Hawk Post, Elbowoods, North Dakota,
serving their country now as they did twenty-five years ago



Indian Stuff WE CAN USE

THOSE who know what pemmican is, raise your right hands! What? No hands?

American Indians of the Northwest knew what pemmican was—they're credited with figuring it out.

One Adolf Hitler knows what it is—newsmen say he's using it to feed his troops.

It's one of the many things Hitler and his hired help have learned from Indian lore that most of us haven't bothered to learn—things that might determine whether or not we'd be frantic, helpless refugees if our towns should be bombed.

Pemmican is deer meat—or beef—dried hard, raw, pounded into powder, and mixed with marrow and fat as a binder. A round of beef is 61 percent water, and pemmican is rid of most of that weight. It keeps, it's compact, and it has lots of food value. It helped the Indians make long, hard marches and surprise attacks without rest. It's helping the Nazi machine the same way. Spiked up with vitamins, it has extra push for them.

Have average Americans been sitting idly by while aliens learned useful things from Indian custom?

That's one bit of evidence.

It fits in with other testimony going back to pre-Hitler days. After the Paris National Convention in 1927 a group of Legionnaires, on a day train from Munich to Berlin, talked with a German consular official who spoke good English but said he'd never been outside of continental Europe. He found I was from South Dakota, and he asked question after question about the Sioux Indians living in my State. As one who makes his living interviewing people, I wedged in enough questions to find that he knew things about Indian customs that I had to check up on when I got

home—and I'd lived near Indian country all my life.

Contrast that with the knowledge the average American has about Indian ways.

What do you know about them, comrade?

The average Legionnaire knows that the Indians were good soldiers in our World War—fearless, crack shots, swift runners, not always sociable, but dependable.

And beyond that?

The average American doesn't know much about the original inhabitants, or the way they lived. There's plenty of reason for this. In early days the Indians had country the whites wanted and we took it with the propaganda campaign that we were fighting a defensive war—another thing Hitler's swiped. To justify treaty-breaking, and massacres, the red tribes were pictured as mighty bad folks. Then they were pretty thoroughly debauched by the racketeers of those days. They were herded on reservations and

(Continued on page 52)

By
**WALTER
TRAVIS**

Doing All You Can?

(Continued from page 1)

capacity. If one falls short, no other can make up for it. It's your war and mine.

The first thing we did was to sell our car. It was hard to do, for it was our chief pleasure. But although we may be wrong, we believe that the time may come when the rubber and gasoline consumed by the private motorists this year will be bitterly regretted. We want no part of that regret.

The sale of the car has paid an unexpected dividend. We have rediscovered our feet. We walk two miles to our offices and the two miles home each day. On our days off, we take a street-car to the edge of town and spend hours walking along the beaches or tramping through the woods. We've found a pleasure we never realized lay at our very doorsteps.

And both of us feel like new people as the result of our walking. My nerves are a hundred percent more calm now that I no longer drive in San Francisco traffic. We sleep better, our appetites are no longer jaded. Glenn is gaining needed weight, and I am losing my excess poundage. We thought we were making a great sacrifice when we sold the car. We find we did ourselves a favor.

The car brought us more money than we had expected. We debated for some time what we should do with it. The obvious thing, in view of the steadily rising prices, was to stock up on things we felt would become either scarce or more expensive.

A friend who is an economist settled that question for us. "If you are interested in your country, don't do it. Think what would happen if everyone went out tomorrow and bought a thousand dollars' worth of things they didn't need. Stocks would be depleted, our manufacturing resources are now turned to war production, and the result would be immediate shortages which otherwise will come only gradually.

"The thing to do," he continued, "is to concentrate on consuming as little as possible. Put your old things in condition. Take better care of what you have, and make it last longer. Then you'll be helping everyone."

We applied our thumb rule of "each man's quota is his own capacity" against that, and put our money into defense bonds. Ten years from now, when we've won this war, we'll buy the things we want now. The nation will need our purchasing power then. Now it needs our producing power.

We applied this advice to everything we own. We had worn shoes repaired. Glenn mends our worn clothing, and we're fashionable with chamois and suede elbow-patches on our old tweed coats. She feels just as smart in lisle-mesh hose as she did in silk. We now use honey,

which is healthier than refined sugar, in our tea: Glenn also uses corn syrup whenever possible in her cooking. She never buys canned vegetables when fresh ones are available and we're helping to conserve tin. We intended to buy new furniture. The old will do. Someone who doesn't have any old furniture will need such new goods as may be produced.

Glenn looked around for more that she could do and was surprised what a lot there was. The Office of Civilian Defense had already listed 208 separate jobs that must be done, if we are to succeed in our war effort. There were opportunities for the leisure hours of housewives and a chance to learn new skills in her spare time for the working girl. Interviewers assign them to work for which they are best fitted. Women can don uniforms and arm-bands for service as air raid wardens, ambulance drivers, auxiliary fire-fighters. Some can fill technical posts in the Army and Navy. Others can become home-nurses, dietitians, or organize nursery schools for the children of mothers who work in defense plants. The need is unlimited.

Glenn found that Army officers in the interceptor center needed clerical help. She changed her hours on her two-day-a-week job to an evening shift, and volunteered as a secretary. Now she's working 40 hours a week as secretary to the commanding officer of the unit, and twelve in the filter center where reports come in. Her duties as a secretary release a paid employee for other

unfilled jobs. She isn't keeping anyone from a paying job, for there are more of those than people to fill them. But she is, with her Red Cross knitting at home, filling her quota, which is her capacity for work.

Together we tackled another job. Many of our friends from New York and Chicago are now junior officers or draftees in the Army and Navy, stationed in this area. They knew few people in San Francisco, and they were lonely. We did what we could about that.

Glenn went to the members of her sorority at Stanford and the University of California. I talked to the girls I knew at my office. The results surprised us. Within a week, we were running an unofficial date bureau which grew like a snowball. Today there isn't a boy we know, draftee or officer, who doesn't know two or three attractive girls whom he can call when he has a few hours' leave. They no longer are forced to drop into San Francisco's many bars, hoping to meet congenial strangers. Our score to date is three engagements.

We found another vital service we could perform. Working doesn't seem sufficient when other men are dying. We could give our blood for the war effort. Painlessly, it is true. But, nevertheless, in a way that will help.

At one of the three blood banks in San Francisco, they checked our physical condition, and now each of us gives a pint of blood a month. Some day we hope that blood may save the life of a man who is giving so much that all the work we can do seems insignificant.

I still faced my biggest problem. What



"At this point, I always grow morose!"

could I do? I work on a newspaper. I could accept without reservation the pleasant words about the vital service newspapers perform for democracy, but that wasn't enough. When his country is in danger, a man wants to do something more than discuss that danger in print.

Yet I didn't want to quit my job. I believe it is important that Americans get news of this war in accurate and readable form, and I wanted to do the little I could to assist that task. Furthermore, trained newspaper men are scarce, and many of our best men have gone into various government agencies. I needed something which would enable me to continue my newspaper work and still do something concrete toward the war effort.

We studied long and carefully, and at last found a solution. I went to my boss and discussed it with him. He not only agreed, but went out of his way to help me.

Today I am attending a welding

school. In seven more weeks I shall be a welder. The day I graduate I shall go to work in a shipyard on the night shift. I can keep my newspaper job in the daytime. I am young enough and strong enough to carry both loads, and I shall be filling my quota, which is my capacity for work.

Most important, I shall be helping to turn out tools which shall win back my right to enjoy leisure. I can well afford to sacrifice that leisure for a few years. It is better than sacrificing my liberty.

Some of our friends tell us we are foolish. "You can't work like that and lead a normal life," they say. "No marriage can stand the strain imposed upon two people worn and tired from overwork. You must have fun. You're young. Live while you can."

We aren't worried about that. We shall have plenty of time for sleep, and on our days off we can still go to the country for rest and restoration. We have no fears for our marriage. Our love can

stand sacrifice, and we have always the knowledge that we are doing what we believe is right. That will see us through.

Our fathers made this country, and they didn't make it on an eight-hour day. When there was work to be done, they did it. When the work was done, they found time to rest. We shall work now and rest later.

There is so little that we can do individually. But there are a hundred and thirty million of us. The capacity of that hundred and thirty million, each with his shoulder to the wheel, is tremendous, the greatest the world has ever known. If our production equals that capacity the skies will be dark with clouds of bombers and the seas will be dark with ships of war. But out of that darkness shall come the light that men live by, the light of liberty.

Our capacity is great. That capacity will be our quota. We shall fill that quota. And we shall win.

I Had a Boy on Guam

(Continued from page 5)

Bureau, Young is still attached to the U. S. Naval Hospital at Guam.

THE BUREAU. . .

I stopped reading, and glanced up at "Pharmacist's Mate 3rd Class." I felt a joyful pride. The kid had made his rate. He was in an outfit that promised you opportunity, and he was making the grade.

He'd been pretty much a boy who liked to take apart frogs and rats, and pin insects to plastic board, instead of exploring the innards of the electric fan or the doorbell, or the next door neighbor's coffee grinder. And I couldn't have given him his chance to learn about medicine. I was glad, glad. Only . . .

IT WAS along toward noon on December 7, 1941. I was in the back yard washing the car. Suddenly I was interrupted by a shout.

"The Japs have bombed Pearl Harbor. . . ." My wife was trying to be calm about it.

"Poor saps," I replied. But I shook. I remembered that Guam was 1375 miles almost due south of Japan, whereas Pearl Harbor was about 5000 miles east.

I walked upstairs and sat glued to the radio the rest of that day.

Reports were rife, and I cautioned everyone in the house about the inadequacy of reports until the attack was over. I remained at my post before the radio intently listening for news from Guam. But we heard nothing very conclusive that day.

I was resolved from the first instant to remain a sensible American citizen. I knew the tragedy of being stampeded

into hysterics. The folly of that had well been demonstrated in Europe. Simply because I had a son stationed in the danger zone did not mean that, suddenly, I had become an individual on an elevated pedestal. A problem child, as it were, of our Government.

The Big Guy up in Washington, I knew, had his hands full enough without being stormed by pleas from us. If this thing had begun, I warned myself, then it would end the sooner because of coolness and alertness against false news on the part of all Americans. For us the detachments, the false immunities we had selfishly created had ended, and in one ruthless stroke an enemy had welded us into hard unity.

The Marines on Wake Island were giving the enemy a particular brand of hell. And I knew that at Guam our boys were in there pitching with all the curves at their command. And I knew, secretly, they were fighting a losing battle, though a winning war.

I couldn't cry out, "My kid is on Guam. . . . Send the fleet to Guam!"

No. The moment it became strategically important for the fleet to steam toward Guam, I knew that would happen. I realized there were, perhaps, more important bases to protect.

News seeped in slowly. At Pearl Harbor, the Japs had been whipped to a standstill. They had done some damage, as will anybody employing a sneak punch. Wake Island began to steal the show. But Guam. . . .

Jack is okay, I kept saying. I kept repeating this because I knew he could take it. I had reared him along those lines, and the U. S. N. had taken up the job where I left off.

Anxiety? Sure. It was eating me up. But I stood calmly waiting, as I knew I should.

No matter where I went, the talk veered to war. God, nor Roosevelt, nor common error had plunged us into this. I tried to see the thing in its broadest scope. I had to, or fail in my basic problem.

It's an economic war, some people complained. It's a war of ideology. A rich man's war and a poor man's fight! I heard it all. But to me it was a fight for liberty. Not the liberty of a single son, nor the liberation of a single country. It was a fight, not a war, for the simple code of liberty I'd learned with my A.B.C.'s.

I began to haunt the office of a newspaper editor who is a friend of mine. He eagerly let me scan each scrap that rustled from the frantic teletype.

The fight was developing against unexpected odds. But what of that? My mind soared back repeatedly to the rest of the letter from the Navy Department.

The Bureau is glad to inform you that no report of any injury or casualty sustained by Young has been received in the Navy Department. In the event such report is received, you will be informed immediately to that effect by wire.

Guam was at last overpowered. Jack, obviously, was a prisoner of war. This was substantiated as a fact by a letter from the Navy Department dated February 18, 1942.

Inasmuch as I knew he was taking it chin up, I had my answer. But everywhere I'd go there was torment to that answer. People very often, and inno-

cently, give you sympathy which becomes barbed with anguish. One lady in particular I recall whose intent was of the most sympathetic. But she simply could not get out of her mind the conviction that the Japs were going to inflict inhuman torture upon their luckless prisoners of war. To this, naturally, I quietly disagreed. And I think she yet believes that my Jack is undergoing horrible punishment.

I do not. I think his privations amount to a diet of, perhaps, rice and fish and tea. And no doubt he has been assigned to some hard task. Neither will permanently injure him.

THE first bright spot in this war came only a few days ago. It spread like wildfire in timber. And there was almost nothing I could do to keep myself in check. There was announced a contemplated exchange of prisoners between the United States and Japan.

Once again I rushed to the newspaper office, full of a hope which I tried very much to keep in the realm of common

sense. I was handed a list of names which had tumbled from the teletype. Thousands of names. Men who had been working on construction jobs, and whose families, I liked to recall, were in the remote points of our land scanning the same list I held.

Marines and sailors and soldiers. I went carefully from name to name. Jones, Smith, Piszcheki, Wong, Hernandez, McTavish . . . a veritable index of nationalities. And Young . . . Harold Young . . . Thomas . . . Andrew. . . . Three thousand names and no Jack Robert Young, Pharmacist's Mate 3rd class, USN.

Yet, there was a single ray of hope. First, the list, as announced by the Bureau, was incomplete. Secondly, there was the paragraph which referred to the exchange of prisoners of war as ruled in the Geneva pact. It stated that non-combatants such as hospital staffmen . . . etc. . . . were eligibles. So I had my ray of hope. And I'm hanging to it.

And as I wait in patience, I try to imagine the oath Jack had taken when he

had joined the Navy. It occurred to me how fine it would be for every mother and father whose son is in the armed services of our country themselves to acknowledge such an oath.

I, Fredric Young, father of Jack Young, U.S.N., do promise and affirm to do my duty as the father of my son, Jack, who had been legally adopted for a given number of years by U.S.N. . . .

I further pledge myself to behavior befitting the father of a U. S. Sailor. . . .

I pledge the sweat of my body to V for Victory, and forswear that my tears will drop only because of my faltering. . . .

I shall carry forth the word that I am the fortunate one to have given. . . .

I shall, upon my honor, never criticize because my son was one of those who. . . .

Yes. I think very much it would be a fine oath for every father and mother of sons, U. S. A., to acknowledge. I take mine before God, and Our Country, and Our Victory.

The Lost Crusade

(Continued from page 9)

from all over the country. The *Star* syndicate is swamped. People want more and more. Can you hear me, Ben?"

"Yeah, sure, but I can't understand you. That was an ordinary column, I tell you, and—"

"Listen to me, Ben. I guess it's because the Germans are in the Crimea—and those Christian Crusaders so near—that makes it news, not feature stuff. Now drop everything else, hold everything else, and feed us more on the Khevsurs. How long were you with them? How many did you talk to?"

"Relax, grandpa, I never even saw them. Some natives here in Tiflis told me about it. Those Crusaders are out in the hills. It's tough enough being cooped in this hole, without breaking my neck in the hills. But I checked the stuff. It's been mentioned in several travel books. I think Carveth Wells wrote about the tribe once. And you'll find the Khevsurs listed in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Hell, it's nothing—"

"Ben! Don't argue with me! This is costing a fortune! The boss wants more! Facts! Oddities! Everything on those Crusaders! It'll be worth your while! It'll make you national for a solid week—and, Ben, are you getting our expense money? How's everything in Tiflis?"

"Yeah, I'm getting your puny gold, Shylöck, and Tiflis stinks. God, I miss Lindy's. The food here's horrible. And the women—all working in factories. Oh say, you know who checked in this A. M. from Lisbon? A helluva blonde number—the curves-ahead type. She registered as Kay Carson, special correspondent for

the New York *Banner*. Ever hear of her?"

"Yes, yes. She's a new feature writer they just flew across. Now, listen, Ben, about those Crusaders, they've—"

"Got nice legs, too. Some blonde. Hmm. Good looking. And a writer. Strange But True—'bye, grandpa! Your ol' Ben Burton will be sizzling—the cables, I mean! 'Bye!"

NEW YORK BANNER—Page 1:

STRANGE BUT TRUE
BEN BURTON STORY OF
HOAX!

by

KAY CARSON

"(By Cable, Tiflis, Russia)—Oddity-hunter Ben Burton, publicized as 'the man who has never told a lie,' created a sensation throughout the United States two days ago with his whopper about a tribe of Crusaders, attired in medieval armor who, he claimed, were living in the eastern Crimea and near Tiflis in the matted green mountains of East Georgia.

"That story, by Ben Burton, can now be branded as one of the most brazen fairy tales in journalistic history!

"That is the news I must file in my first account from Russia—for I have been sent on this long hazardous journey across an ocean by the New York *Banner* to pierce behind uncommunicative communiques and to report as close to fact as possible. And, in my first story, I have learned that Ben Burton, a celebrated man renowned for unusual fact-finding, has manufactured a lie.

"Briefly, this is what I know. Upon arriving in Tiflis, I reported to the

American Consulate and was there told about Ben Burton's great feature scoop on the mythical 'Khevsur' Crusaders. A short time later, at my hotel, I ran into Ben Burton in the lobby. And while I must report, in all fairness, that Mr. Burton is a handsome six-footer, with a fine gift for fast patter, I must also report that he was vague on the subject of the Crusaders. He said they existed. That he had seen them many times. He said they were even mentioned in the *Britannica*.

"I reported the unusual story to my friendly interpreter and guide, a Georgian Prince who has spent many years in California, Count Oli Medvinoff. And the Count, who knows every inch of the Crimea and Georgia, laughed and branded Ben Burton 'an atrocious faker.' I was still unsure, and was willing, with the backing of the *Banner*, to go to any expense and hardship for the truth. Count Medvinoff said it would be easy to explode the oddity. He said we could charter a private plane, and fly to several of the sites where Burton has insisted the Crusaders live, and learn for ourselves.

"I cannot report much of our flight, because Count Medvinoff has told me Russian military censorship would not permit a too complete report. But this much I can say. We landed in two villages, deep in the valleys of the Caucasus and with Count Medvinoff interpreting from answers made to my questions by natives—I learned the entire Crusader story is a make-believe existing only in the fertile imagination of that ex-truth peddler, Ben Burton!"

CABLEGRAM

NEW YORK TO TIFLIS MR BEN BURTON THAT KAY CARSON STORY HAS BLASTED WIDE OPEN ON EVERY FRONT PAGE IN NATION STOP PEOPLE ARE QUESTIONING YOUR INTEGRITY WHICH IS AFTER ALL WHAT YOU ARE SELLING STOP PAPERS THREATENING TO DROP YOUR COLUMN STOP CAN YOU PUT UP PROOF AND SHUT UP KAY CARSON OR DO SOMETHING IMMEDIATELY STOP ANSWER FAST STOP SIGNED EDITOR WILKINS

CABLEGRAM

NEW YORK TO TIFLIS MR BEN BURTON HAVE WAITED AN ENTIRE DAY AND NOT HEARD FROM YOU STOP THE BOSS IS FURIOUS STOP SEVEN PAPERS HAVE DROPPED YOUR COLUMN STOP ANSWER FAST OR YOU ARE FIRED STOP SIGNED EDITOR WILKINS

CABLEGRAM

NEW YORK TO TIFLIS MR BEN BURTON YOU ARE FIRED EXCLAMATION POINT WILKINS

AMALGAMATED PRESS—DNB reported from Berlin today that Adolf Hitler's brown legions, fresh from victories in the Crimea, will hurl themselves into the Caucasus Mountains and the rich Soviet Russian oil fields for a final . . .

NEW YORK *Banner*—Page 1: TERROR IN TIFLIS

by

KAY CARSON

"(By Cable—Tiflis, Russia)—With the swift-moving Nazis driving through the Crimea in an attempt to get across into the Caucasus before Russia's Red Army can send reinforcements, all of the mainland has fallen under martial law today.

"Terror has struck the entire city of Tiflis, far away as it is from the immediate scene of hostilities.

"Even personal incidents are coming home. My friend and guide, the well-known Count Oli Medvinoff, was just over to the hotel to tell me his private rooms in a nearby apartment building have been searched and ransacked, and that many of his private papers and most valuable possessions are missing. He cannot understand the motive of this looting . . ."

CABLEGRAM

NEW YORK TO TIFLIS MISS KAY CARSON WE CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHY YOU HAVE FAILED TO FILE A STORY IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS WITH THE SITUATION SO TENSE STOP PLEASE COMMUNICATE AT ONCE STOP EDITOR NY BANNER

CABLEGRAM COLLECT

TIFLIS TO NEW YORK EDITOR NY BANNER SIRS I AM REPLYING IN THE UNFORTUNATE ABSENCE OF MISS CARSON STOP HOTEL OFFICIALS INFORM ME THAT SHE LEFT THE HOTEL AT SEVEN LAST NIGHT AND DID NOT RETURN STOP I HAVE BEEN IN TOUCH EVERYWHERE BUT SHE HAS THOROUGHLY DISAPPEARED STOP I CANNOT SEARCH FOR HER MY-



"Jocko conducts the business himself now since Tony was drafted!"

SELF BECAUSE I AM UNDER POLICE GUARD FOR REASONS THAT HAVE NOT BEEN EXPLAINED ME YET STOP COUNT OLI MEDVINOFF

AMALGAMATED PRESS—DNB reported from Berlin tonight that one million Nazis are pushing into the eastern Crimea and expect to cross over into the Caucasus before reinforcements of the Red Army can arrive to stop them. A German spokesman announced: "By the time this dispatch is read, our soldiers will have occupied strategic positions in the Caucasus fully 24 hours before the Russians arrive. Our speedy maneuver will be a great and vital contribution to our ultimate victory!"

AMALGAMATED PRESS—TO MEMBER NEWSPAPERS—HOLD OPEN FRONT PAGES FOR EXTRA AND SPECIAL FLASH FROM CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS WHICH SHOULD ARRIVE IN ONE HOUR.

AMALGAMATED PRESS—(Passed through Moscow censors)—Tass, the official Russian news agency, reported tonight that swift Nazi panzer divisions, fresh from Crimea, and pushing along the Black Sea into the Caucasus Mountains in an attempt to gain strategic footholds before the Red Army arrives, were all through the night stopped cold,

encircled and are now in danger of having entire regiments annihilated by strange mountaineers dressed in medieval steel armor and bearing the crosses of the ancient Christian Crusaders.

According to eye-witnesses, these roving crusaders, in their creaking medieval coats-of-mail, and employing spears, boulders, ancient catapults, bows and arrows, completely demoralized the advance mechanized German units with guerrilla tactics.

Tass reports further that these unknown and unexpected allies stalled the Nazi drive long enough for aid to arrive from the main Red Army and for the Russian troops to entrench themselves and save the front.

Speculation is running wild concerning the identity of the Crusaders . . .

"HELLO, New York. New York. Tiflis calling. One moment, please, one moment. Here is your party."

"Is this Mr. Wilkins of the New York Star?"

"Yes! Who in the—"

"This is Kay Carson, formerly of the New York *Banner*. Put a girl on another phone to take dictation. And don't interrupt me! I'll give it to you fast and brief! I want you to rewrite this epic under my name—Ben deserves it—as an apology. Are you ready?"

"Shoot!"

"Okay. Last week, it seems years ago, when I played the high school girl journalist and exposed Ben Burton, you fired him. Remember? Well, he didn't wire you because he was too busy setting out to prove his facts and to prove I was the liar, which I was but didn't know.

"He went back to the mountain natives who had given him the original info. They insisted again they were right. Then, suspicious of Count Medvinoff, Ben one afternoon broke into the Count's apartment, turned it upside down and found sufficient evidence to prove that the Count was a fifth columnist, making a living in the pay of the Nazis since there were no more rich American women to marry.

"Ben reported the Count to the police who, without evidence, could only guard him. But then, and I am repeating all this as Ben told it to me, your oddity hunter figured there must be some reason for a Nazi laughing off the Crimean and Caucasian Crusaders, especially at a time when the Nazis were driving in that direction."

"Miss Carson, one second while I tell them to toss out the old front page—"

"Mr. Wilkins! Listen! Let me continue! I got an anonymous call that there was a big story brewing and I could have it red-hot. I was to meet my informant in a Tiflis dive at the outskirts. Well, anyway, Ben Burton was there to meet me. He was there with two native peasant guides. They kidnaped me, sat me on a mule, and we struck off into

the mountains. It was rough and it was hell. And Ben said only one thing, 'I'm taking you to the tribe of Crusaders, so that you can see for yourself that they exist. And then I'm going to find out more.'

"Within two days we reached the first village of Tooshetia. And there they were. Big. Brawny. Tough. Wearing old mail and jerkins. Bearing crosses. Having sport with antique shields and swords. Their boys named after wild animals like bears and wolves. Their girls given romantic names like Daughter of the Sun. There they were, the miracle of our time, the Lost Crusade keeping the Holy Friday of the Mohammedans, the Saturday of the Jews, and the Sabbath of the Christians!"

"Miss Carson! Please! Essentials! What happened? The whole world is waiting! What happened?"

"Mr. Wilkins, this happened. Ben Burton had proved me a liar, but that wasn't his main objective. He had a bigger idea in mind. He gathered the Khevsur chiefs about him and asked them if they knew a Count Medvinoff and he described the Count, and I'll be darned if they didn't know him! Sure they did. The Count had given them food and gold and trinkets in return for a pact in which they would allow a foreign power traveling in strange machines to pass through their mountain country, and the Khevsur Crusaders promised."

"What did Ben Burton do, Miss Carson?"

"Oh, if you could have seen him. He knew it then. And I knew it, too. The Nazis were coming after the Caucasus

and the Russian oil. And we knew one thing—that truth and lies, and little stories didn't matter—but suddenly, in an unsophisticated, foolish, plain way—democracy did! And that's when Ben, with his interpreters, got to work. That night, he gathered all the Khevsur chiefs about him, and gave them presents, and then, under the bright blue sky, standing before a dancing bonfire and a semi-circle of Crusaders in ancient armor, Ben Burton gave a speech. Now, I wrote once that he could talk. And he did! And how!"

"Miss Carson, facts, please, facts and fast!"

"He told them about Peter the Hermit and about the original Crusaders of 825 years ago! He told them how their forefathers marched to Jerusalem to the tune of what is now 'We Won't Be Home Until Morning.' He told them what their kin had marched for—for an attempt to rescue the Holy Land from barbarism and tyranny—for an idea that civilization and freedom must be retained in thought and religion and action throughout the world.

"And then Ben told them about Hitler and Nazism. And then, he said, 'Tomorrow, or the day after, through your mountains will come a strange modern destruction. Nazi barbarians in devil machines, motorcycles, trucks, tanks, they are called. They are already nearly to Kerch in the Crimea and soon they will be in your tangled terrain, and no one will be able to stop them, to fend them off, to halt the inward push of slavery!'

"But you knights have kinsmen in the eastern Crimea and they can stop them

with their arrows and catapults and tumbling boulders. You and your folk are the Lost Crusade, and now, this day, the world will find you if you take up where your ancestors left off and do battle with the Heathen!"

"Wow!"

"That's right, Mr. Wilkins! Wow! And those Crusaders got behind him, and banded together, and prepared—for two days they prepared. And somehow they got reinforcements across to the Crimea and when the Nazis came along, like metal bugs, the battle started! It was a sight the world will never see again. The ancient against the modern. Blunted old weapons against bullets and tanks. Christian fervor against Barbarism. A Holy War. The Khevsurs could never win—but they stopped the Nazis—for two whole nights stopped them cold, scattered them, harassed them.

"And, although the Nazis finally got through to Kerch, the Red Army, fresh and strong, was waiting! You know the rest! And those Crimean Khevsurs and their brothers on the mainland really stopped those Nazis cold."

"Ben Burton did all that? Say, the *Star* will— Hey, wait a minute! Where is he?"

"In Moscow, Mr. Wilkins! Old Joe Stalin is pinning some kind of medal on him today. But old Joe doesn't know what he's in for—because the only reason Ben Burton went was to get some red-hot oddities for tomorrow's **STRANGE BUT TRUE!** And me? I quit this morning. I'm flying to Moscow in twenty minutes. I have a date with Ben—I'm applying for a job with him—for permanent!"

Test Tubes to Victory

(Continued from page 17)

only difficult, but represents the sinful slaughter of numerous elephants to supply our ivory needs.

Skim milk makes one of the finest paints turned out of American factories. Some of the most beautiful color effects with which the Century of Progress Exposition was splashed were secured with casein paint.

Milk is also used in the manufacture of glues, coating for high quality paper, sugar, rubber and many other articles.

The significance of these developments to the farmer lies in the fact that skim milk represents one of the most colossal by-product wastes of the American farm. Only four percent of whole milk as taken from a cow has any material value. That is the butterfat. When separated on the farm, skim milk has no market demand and is generally used as a cheap hog or poultry feed. Even whole milk, when sold in its unseparated form, is nearly always bought on its butterfat content, and brings very little more than the fat when sold alone.

The name we apply to this development of new crop uses is "Farm Chemurgy." The term was invented a few years ago when a few industrial chemists saw the possibility of industry finding on the farm a vast quantity of raw material it had been importing or securing too expensively from other sources. To promote the development the National Farm Chemurgic Council of Columbus, Ohio, was organized.

Since its organization about six years ago chemurgy has gone far beyond the most optimistic hopes of its early dreamers. It has performed the magic of turning a pine tree into ladies' dresses, a lump of coal into silk stockings, a can of beans into a door knob, a bucket of milk into a necktie, and other fantastic feats we once thought lay only in the realm of fancy. To accomplish these tasks chemurgy didn't use a fairy with a magic wand. It called in the scientist and his test tube.

The original purpose of the movement was to find new outlets for huge farm surpluses that were glutting the market

and bankrupting thousands of farmers. It may be some years before chemurgic discoveries can be translated into new farm prosperity but war needs should greatly speed the trend.

In time of war practically every raw material that has to be imported soon becomes a bottleneck. Markets and consumer supplies are influenced by shipping, war needs, torpedoes and blockades. Even before the war began we went into production on a new root starch, a product that has been made almost entirely of foreign roots. A few years ago there was set up at Laurel, Mississippi, a sweet potato starch factory which uses 200,000 bushels of sweet potatoes annually. It produces around 3,000,000 pounds of starch in addition to 1,000,000 pounds of sweet potato pulp that makes an excellent livestock feed. Since nearly all our root starch is imported there is room for 100 factories of this size in the United States that would double our present sweet potato production.

While chemurgy has done a magnifi-

cent job of finding new potential markets for surplus crops it is discovering uses for many waste products that heretofore had no value at all. Eastern seaboard gas consumers might find consolation in the fact that Dr. Francis E. Wilkinson, a test-tube artist of California, manufactured gasoline from rotten fruit. Not satisfied with this chemurgic miracle, he got some more out of corn cobs. Gasoline has also been manufactured at the

When a tree is cut for lumber, the tree tops, limbs, rough pieces, slabs and sawdust are almost a total loss. One of the most efficient plastics of industry is now made from these wood wastes. As a plastic they can be used to replace vitally-needed lumber, steel and other metals in the manufacture of radio cabinets, clocks, furniture and other articles of everyday use.

One of the most interesting new prod-



"I think the cold is in your chest, ma'm, but even the stethoscope has its limitations!"

University of Illinois from cornstalks. Other laboratory workers are getting a good grade of power alcohol from cull potatoes. If chemurgic dreams come true, scientists will not only find new outlets for staple farm crops but will dig into the trash pile and garbage can for new products to sell.

The discovery of so many sources of gasoline suggests that new synthetic factories might eventually be as cheap as 1500-mile pipelines.

At any rate, Dr. Wilkinson's new discoveries interested a few capitalists who supplied the money for an Iowa factory to manufacture from farm wastes many vital war materials. This factory has already been constructed and will convert forty tons of corn cobs daily into explosives, rubber and gums.

Dr. Lionell K. Arnold, an Iowa State College scientist, says that twenty-five products can be processed from cornstalks, fifteen from the husks and twenty from the pith. One thing made from cornstalks is paper. In fact, a midwest factory did actually go into active production of cornstalk newsprint, but had to close until an economical method of assembling the stalks could be worked out. Many scientists believe this can soon be done.

One of the biggest by-product wastes of our country is in the lumber industry.

ucts made from wood wastes is a substitute coke. At the 1941 chemurgic conference a speaker foresaw great possibilities for this new product. It is an excellent fuel for blast furnaces, he said, and could be used to build a vast steel industry in the Far West where there are not many coal mines, but fifty million tons a year of waste wood. Its chief value lies in the fact that transportation cost, which is one of the heaviest items of expense in mined coal, would cut very little figure. It could be manufactured on the spot it is used. The speaker also visualized this synthetic fuel in home consumption. It is smokeless and practically free of ash.

But as a plastic these waste woods may some day compete with good salable lumber. The plastic can be molded into wall panels, flooring and structural material of many kinds. Prefabricated plastic houses are one of the big developments of this twentieth-century streamlined age.

If our lumber resources should be depleted in spite of the utilization of all parts of the tree, houses can be fabricated from wheat straw. It takes nature twenty to one hundred years to grow a tree but she gets in a hurry when she wants straw. It can be produced in nine months after seeding and excellent wall panels made from it shortly thereafter.

When our chemurgic wizards undertook to make use of every part of a tree they didn't forget the stumps. The South is full of cutover lands covered with pine stumps, and up until recently they seemed about as useless as anything a by-product economy could create. We are now snatching them out of the ground to help break one of the most serious bottlenecks of this war. They are processed into an excellent solvent to reclaim rubber from old tires. Authorities estimate a total of 300,000 tons of reclaimed rubber a year will be salvaged from tires and other used rubber products. From these stumps is also secured a resin that is used in linoleum, floor tile, soap, paint, electrical insulation and other products.

The fact that Uncle Sam is consuming America's entire output of aluminum doesn't mean he is getting enough. He is trying desperately to get new aluminum factories going. War will chew big hunks out of our stock pile and one of the difficulties in keeping it renewed is that most of it has been manufactured from bauxite imported from British and Dutch Guiana. A capital warship eats up nearly a million pounds of it and there are fifteen of them, in addition to their little-brother cruisers, destroyers, aircraft carriers, etc., that are being built.

Then there are the airplanes—clouds of them—to be built. Take the B-19 bomber, for instance. This goliath of the air ate up 80,000 pounds of the stuff. Multiply this by whatever number of B-19's that are in the cards, plus the 185,000 planes a year asked by the President and you can readily see what a hunk it will bite out of the 600,000,000-pound aluminum pile we hope to have annually available. I could cite many more examples, but this will give you some idea as to why there will be no more aluminum pots and percolators around the house for the duration, unless—

To meet the threatening situation our chemurgic artists again look wistfully to the farm as a haven of bottleneck breakers. Almost simultaneously, both Columbia University and engineers of the Tennessee Valley Authority announced processes of manufacturing aluminum from white clay. TVA authorities are not yet ready to give out full details but have announced that pilot plants have been in operation for a long time and they have every reason to believe the new aluminum will be practical.

There have been mighty few farm crops and not many farm wastes left out of the chemurgic picture. Ordinarily when a farm commodity is converted into one industrial product several more from the same commodity soon follow. It is uncanny to see how resourceful such a thing as a corn cob or cotton stalk can become in the hands of a chemical juggler.

But even with the tremendous advance

that chemurgy has made in the past six years it may be quite a while before these new discoveries are translated into substantial farm wealth. There is a lot more to a new process than learning how it is done. Capitalization, new plant construction, retooling, retraining of labor skills and consumer demand have a lot to do with it. Many of these new processes will probably not stand up under indus-

trial tests. Many will compete with other products already fixed in consumer habits, and some dislocations will be caused when adapting them to our industrial economy. But the possibilities are immense.

Before the war started the Federal Government put into operation four regional laboratories that will use the brain energy of hundreds of chemists to find

more uses for our soil products and greater adaptation of those already found. Many industrial corporations, like duPont, General Electric, Ford Motor Company, Hercules Powder Company, and many more, are using their laboratory facilities for the same or similar purposes.

This war will be won in the test tube as well as on the battlefield.

Wanted: You

(Continued from page 11)

Graduates of the Chemical Warfare Service "universities" have returned to their respective States where, meanwhile, Department Commanders have conferred with chairmen, coordinators and other officials of State Defense Councils relative to establishing American Legion State Citizens Defense Corps Training Schools in which the "university" graduates and other qualified personnel are serving as instructors in the technique of the Air Raid Warden. To these State schools are coming men from large and small communities within the States for a four to 10-day course of study which will prepare them to conduct American Legion Post Local Citizens Defense Corps Schools in their respective communities. Thus will the numerous and vital requirements of the Air Raid Warden be brought to capable persons, both men and women, in every city, town, and village in the nation.

An exceedingly comprehensive 72-page textbook, authorized and approved by the Office of Civilian Defense, has been prepared, printed, and distributed by The American Legion. The book is called: "Course of Study, U. S. Citizens Defense Corps—American Legion Civilian Defense Air Raid Warden Training Schools;" it carries the Legion seal on its cover; it contains a statement of Federal authority and approval not only of the textbook itself, but also of the Legion-planned curriculum and the entire Air Raid Warden Training Program, signed by James M. Landis, Director, U. S. Office of Civilian Defense. *This is the only current air raid warden curriculum bearing that approval.*

By the time you read this, all Chemical Warfare Service Citizen Defense Schools will be functioning full time, many State schools will have graduated classes, and a number of local Post schools will be in action. The Legion Air Raid Warden Training Program—as big a job as we've ever tackled—is under way.

In fact, it can be reported that the State school in Mississippi was opened on March 16th and graduated a class the following week. Louisiana and Indiana were next in line, and thirty-four additional schools were scheduled to open within a few weeks following.

We have heard much lately about prospective spring and summer offensives, German and Japanese threats and counter-threats, rumors and counter-rumors have filled the press and the ether waves. This Air Raid Warden Training Program, fellow Legionnaires and members of the American Legion Auxiliary, is our own personal spring and summer offensive against the Axis Powers—as important and far-reaching as anything we have ever engaged in, either in those other war-torn days of '17 and '18, or in the continued service to our country in the years of peace that followed. The "passive defense" sector of the United States is being mobilized; it may soon see decisive action.

While we fervently hope and pray that the Air Raid Wardens will never be called for service during air raids on this country, we all know that in today's kind of war it has been soundly proved that he profits most who is best prepared. We must and will be prepared—and that means, among other things, the thorough and comprehensive training of a million and a quarter Air Raid Wardens.

Why do we need so many wardens?

As National Commander Stambaugh has said: "There is no way to know what will develop in the course of this war. We may be certain that it is not all going to be fought by General Mac-

Arthur, half way around the globe." Indeed it isn't! California has been shelled, Axis torpedoes have blasted our men and ships within three miles of New York City and at many other too-close-for-comfort points up and down the 4940 miles of our three coast lines. Our enemies have airplanes with a flying range equivalent to round-trip, non-stop flights across the Atlantic—with a capacity load of bombs marked: "Made in Germany—deliver to the U. S. A."

They have submarines from which smaller, but none the less deadly bomb-laden planes can be launched. One Washington school of thought holds that New York, Washington, D. C., other coastal cities, and even the far-inland metropolis of Detroit are marked not for so-called token bombings, but rather for as big a blitz as the enemy is capable of launching.

We can reasonably expect fifth column and sabotage attacks from within which will call upon the services of Air Raid Wardens and others of the Citizens Defense Corps. Fires, explosions, hand-thrown incendiaries all are dangerous to our citizenry and their homes. All are a part of total war as our enemies have practiced it.

Last time, many of us went over there to fight; this time it may be necessary for us to resist invasion of our



FOR MEMORIAL DAY

U. S. FLAG SETS FOR HOME USE

★ Every Legionnaire should have an American flag to display on Memorial Day and other patriotic holidays. Primarily as a matter of service to those who are interested, we offer these fine quality, guaranteed flag sets at very moderate prices. You will find just the flag set you have been wanting—and at a price you can afford to pay.

STREET SETS—This popular type flag set consists of pole, flag and metal pole socket designed to be cemented into the sidewalk at the edge of the curb. Available in a number of combinations.

STYLE BB—3' x 5' fast color, Reliance brand cotton U. S. flag with dyed stars and sewed stripes. The jointed, two-piece wooden pole is 12' x 1½" in diameter, and is made of western fir, and is equipped with ball at the top. The complete set, flag, pole with halyards and screw eyes, and one 8" cast iron Broadway sidewalk holder, with

non-rusting brass screw cap, price, f.o.b. New York City.....**\$3.40**

STYLE B—3' x 5' fast color, Defiance brand (U. S. Government quality) cotton U. S. flag, with sewed stars and sewed stripes, with complete equipment identical with the set Style BB, price f.o.b. New York City.....**\$4.30**

LAWN SETS—Here is a deluxe flag outfit, designed for displaying in your front yard. Each set consists of pole, flag and special lawn type socket.

No. 1 LAWN SET—This deluxe flag set consists of a 2½' x 4' Artglo heavy rayon taffeta silk American flag, with sewed stripes and dyed stars, a two-piece 10' white enameled pole, 1½" in diameter, with a substantial metal joint, and a specially designed park lawn socket with brass screw cap. The complete set is boxed in a substantial

shipping-storage container, which makes for convenience and safe care of the flag when not in use. Price complete, f.o.b. New York City.....**\$7.25**

No. 2 LAWN SET—This beautiful flag set is identical with set No. 1, excepting that the 2½' x 4' flag is a high-grade, fine-quality Sterling all-wool bunting, with sewed stripes and sewed stars. Set is also packed in a substantial shipping-storage container. Complete, f.o.b. New York City.....**\$6.00**

N.B. The 1942 Legion Emblem Catalog includes a complete line of **FLAGS and BANNERS, CAPS, SHIRTS, and TIES**—in fact, everything which you and your Post will require in fittingly observing Memorial Day.



STREET TYPE

LAWN TYPE

5M42

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Please ship the following flag sets C.O.D.:

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Style B Street Sets. @ \$4.30 Total \$.....
No. 1 Lawn Sets... @ \$7.25 Total \$.....
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own shores. Under conditions inherent in today's kind of war, such frightful things can and do come to pass.

If and when they do, we must have an army of trained and thoroughly capable Air Raid Wardens, for they are the keystones of local protection. They stand for the personal embodiment of the protective services under the Citizens Defense Corps.

Consider the vital industries, the teeming cities, the thousands of smaller communities that are located in the "target areas" of the United States—in that 300-mile-deep strip down the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida, then around the 1686 miles of the Gulf of Mexico, and finally up the 1366 miles of Pacific coast from San Diego to the Canadian border. Consider the gigantic steel and manufacturing centers farther inland, yet still within air attack range.

Without a moment's delay we must find in every city and hamlet in and out of those vast "target areas" of the United States—and immediately thereafter throughout the rest of the country—enough men and women equipped with the requisite amount of intestinal fortitude, the quality of leadership, the ability to remain cool and collected under fire, with the will to be ready, to be trained and on the alert for the call, to realize that **WHILE THE CALL MAY NEVER COME WE WOULD DESERVE EVERYTHING WE GOT IF WHEN IT CAME WE WERE NOT PREPARED TO COPE WITH WHATEVER THE ENEMY MIGHT THROW AT US.** These men and women we must make fully qualified Air Raid Wardens through the necessary course of instruction.

Thanks to bitter and tragic British experience, we know we should have not less than eight nor more than 12 of that kind of citizens—the Air Raid Wardens—for every 1000 of population in urban areas. In rural areas, the maximum may be reduced to six per 1000 of population.

On this premise, The American Legion Air Raid Warden Training Program must establish within the next few months a 100-percent-efficient force of 586,919 trained wardens in the cities and other urban areas of the States bordering on the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Gulf of Mexico. In the rural areas of those same States, we are faced with setting in action an Air Raid Warden force totaling 184,074. Thus, the totals for the entire nation are: urban, 901,035; rural, 348,380. To train this many men and women will require, it is estimated, a minimum of 4320 Federal and State trained warden instructors.

Why is the Air Raid Warden so important?

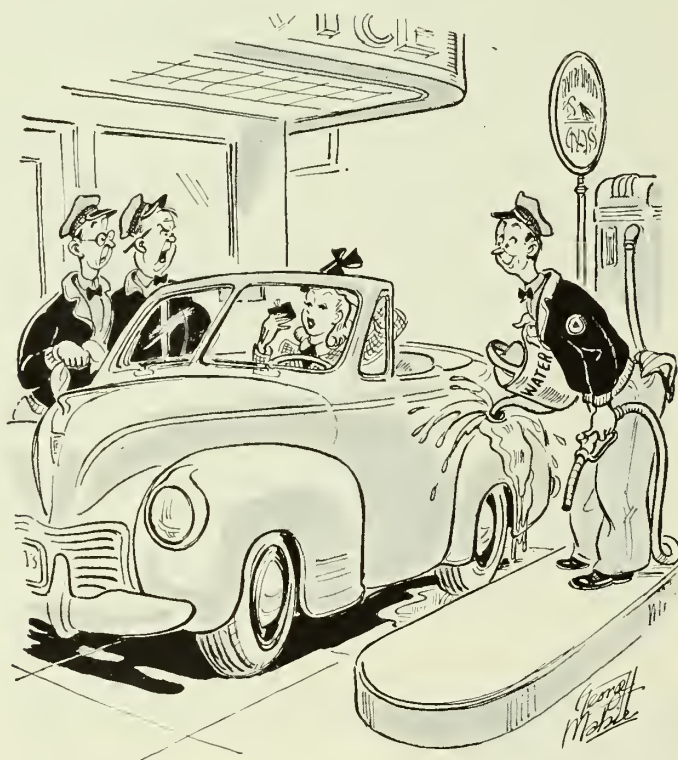
Because, upon him falls the obligation of seeing that the public knows how to utilize the facilities of the many protective agencies. Because, the lives of

approximately 130,000,000 people are in the care of the Air Raid Wardens when the enemy strikes. The warden must be loyal to the interests of the United States and to his community; he must be a person of unquestioned integrity, for his position makes him the recipient of confidential information which is an inviolable trust; he must be physically fit, courageous, known to possess strong character, and temperamentally suited to assume leadership and to inspire confidence. The warden must have tact, diplomacy, and persuasiveness, for he has no police powers; he must be endowed with executive ability, sound judgment, and resourcefulness; he must be adept at map-reading and map-making, above all he must be patient and he must be trained. It is strongly urged that he hold an American Red Cross First Aid Certificate. The Air Raid Warden is definitely *not* a "softie."

Of the Air Raid Wardens, General Sir Hugh Jamieson Elles, Southwestern Re-

upon us, after the fall of France, and continued for just about a year, there stood in these islands, in every place, an organized citizen body of volunteers, a million and a half men, women, and boys who were trained and had worked through nine months of inactivity, ready to meet the attacks when they began.

"And the attacks have been, at certain phases, extremely severe. The Germans gave us all they had. . . . The smaller the city, the heavier is the incidence of the bombing, because the target is concentrated. . . . And I speak today from one of these cities. . . . Here we have had cruel losses, both in property from fire and in lives from bombing. But the city has never stopped working. The life has gone on; trade and industry have gone on; the trains have run steadily through. There has been so sign or vestige of discouragement, still less of panic . . . but courage would not have been enough without training; without the organization in being; with-



"Comes spring, an' Steve can't keep his mind on business!"

gional Commissioner for Home Security, in England, recently said on the radio: "I would like to emphasize the value of the warden system, because this is the core and heart of the whole affair. The wardens are the shepherds, guides, philosophers, and friends of the general public in their care, around whom are grouped the other services which have their special functions—the police, the fire services, the ambulance and casualty services, the rescue parties, those in charge of the hospitals and rest tents . . . those in charge of the bulk-feeding arrangements, and so forth.

"So, when the heavy air raids came

out the physical preparations completed—believe me!"

The Legion program will be found sufficiently elastic to meet varying conditions in all States and communities. For example, there are today, in several States and cities, warden classes already in progress. It must be understood that wherever these training classes exist, the Legion program will not hamper or interfere, but it should stand by to help, to augment, to strengthen, if advisable and feasible.

By the same token, Instructional Letter Number 24, issued by the Office of Civilian Defense on January 27, 1942,

stated that OCD Regional Directors have heretofore been empowered to accept substitution courses for civilian protective services, provided those substitution courses measured up to established standards.

The order continued: "There now being official courses provided, it is felt there is no further need for substitute courses and accordingly, the privilege of substitution of courses is withdrawn, effective March 1, 1942. No substitution of courses for Federal recognition and award of insignia will be permitted, therefore, for classes started on or after that date. Regional Directors will promptly inform interested State and local authorities so that enrollees will be spared the inconvenience of taking courses which will not be accepted in substitution for the regularly constituted local Civilian Defense Schools in the various localities."

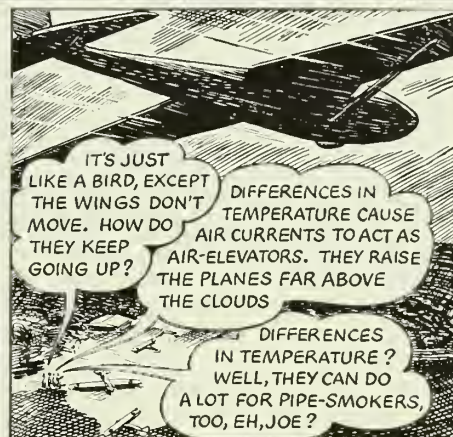
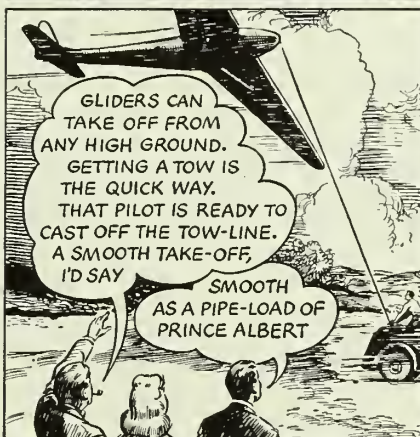
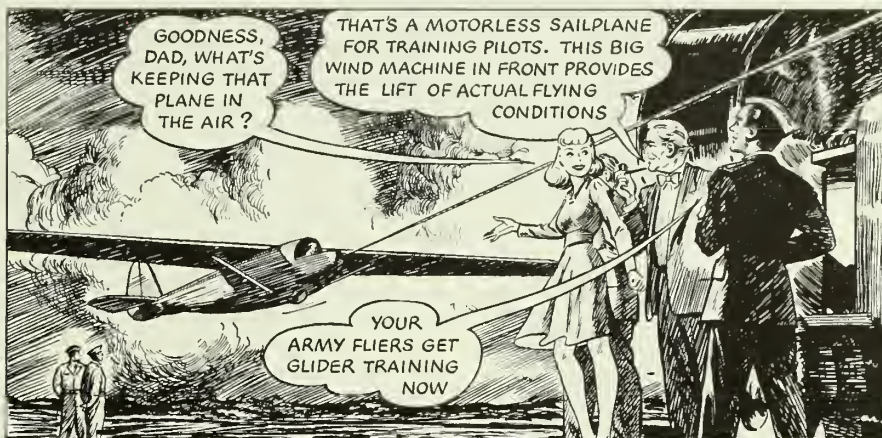
Where schools are in existence and functioning, therefore, it will be advisable to encourage the governing defense council to insist that such schools use the curriculum of The American Legion, for it bears the approval of the Office of Civilian Defense and is *the only current and complete curriculum having that approval.*

Another vitally important point is that we of the Legion undertake *only* to train instructors of wardens and the wardens. We do not, under any circumstances, operate as a separate American Legion group or unit of Air Raid Wardens. Furthermore, we have nothing to do with specialized training for auxiliary police, decontamination squads, auxiliary firemen, or other like protective services, although the Air Raid Warden curriculum does include enough general information on these services to provide the warden with background information.

It should always be borne in mind that the Legion Defense Council Training Schools comprise a coöperative enterprise between the Legion and the State and local defense councils. When a warden is graduated from a local Legion Post school, he immediately becomes a part of his Citizens Defense Corps. Every warden must be trained, graduated, and certified before he or she gains the right to wear the coveted insignia. As a warden you will be subject to the jurisdiction of the Defense Corps and under orders of the community officials entrusted with responsibility for operation of that defense unit. Local politics, jealousies, appointments through political favor and other elements interfering with a 100-percent patriotic effort must be shelved and forgotten. This is war, and this is our part in it.

While the Legion schools, as well as those under the direction of Chemical Warfare Service are open to others than Legionnaires the Office of Civilian Defense has issued an operations order requesting that "an appropriate propor-

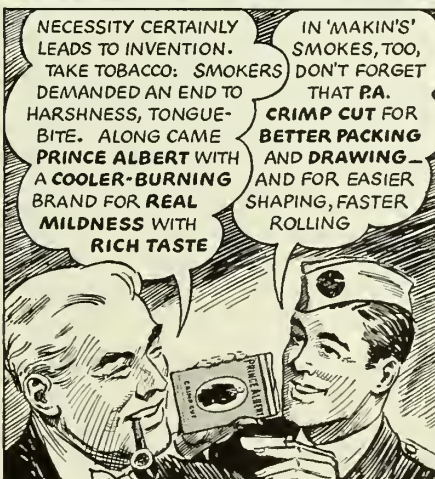
WONDERS OF AMERICA *Silent Warbirds*



IN RECENT LABORATORY
"SMOKING BOWL" TESTS,
PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF
THE 30 OTHER OF THE
LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS
TESTED — COOLEST OF ALL!



50
PIPEFULS
OF FRAGRANT
TOBACCO IN
EVERY HANDY
POCKET CAN OF
PRINCE
ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem,
N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

tion of Legionnaires be recommended" by city, community, and State defense councils in collaboration with the corresponding Legion officers for the same areas, or sections, for attendance at local, State and Federal schools. The course prescribed at the latter requires ten days to two weeks; that at the State school 46 hours' instruction within a period up to 10 days; and the local training class calls for 44 hours, usually over a series of night classes, with two hours of optional close order drill included in each.

Local conditions will determine which of the two plans offered for the local Legion Post school is appropriate. One covers the course in an intensive, full-time, five-day period; the other is evening classes with the same work spread over about three weeks. Women are needed for Air Raid Warden training—usually on the basis of one-third of the total number of wardens required in the community—but for the time being they may attend only the local schools.

The financial responsibility for the entire Legion training program rests with the Legion and the State and local councils for defense. The cost of sending leaders selected for the "university" training at one of the Federal schools may be covered in one of several ways: the individual, himself, if he can afford it, or his employer; the Legion Department concerned; or the State Defense Council. The same suggestions hold for men sent to State schools by Legion Posts and Local Defense Councils.

In any event, the cost is far from excessive, ranging from \$25 to \$35, plus transportation costs, for attendance at either a Federal or a State school. This

amount covers all expenses while at the school, including room and board. As it is doubtful if any Legion Post or Local Defense Council will be called on to defray expenses for more than three or four students or trainees—save in the case of large cities, where there are almost invariably several active Posts—these costs will not prove burdensome.

There likewise will be numerous instances when industrial, utility, or commercial organizations will prove more than glad to underwrite the expenses of employees—many of whom will be Legionnaires—nominated by the organization to attend a school, for the trained, graduated, and certified warden can be of service as instructor to other employees, and will prove invaluable to the institution that sends him. There are scores of methods by which Posts can and have raised special funds for warden educational purposes—sale of scrap metal, public subscription, a special dance, a movie, or other form of entertainment. Costs of operation of a local school will, of course, be negligible. All services are voluntary, manuals and textbooks are furnished free (the Legion provides the printed course of study and the Office of Civilian Defense the handbooks and manuals), classes may be held in the Legion hall, a school, a vacant store, a courthouse or town hall, and such physical equipment as is needed for demonstration purposes can nearly always be secured through loan or donation, or is supplied by the State Defense Council.

Whatever the financial problem, it will not be serious. We asked for a job, and we got this one. It's our special assignment in this war and one of our con-

tributions to victory. We hope and believe we will be aided by other patriotic groups and individuals, but notwithstanding, The American Legion has underwritten this all-important program, designed for the protection and benefit of the United States. We'll finish it satisfactorily, even if we must do it alone.

Legionnaires, your country needs you now. The program that will immediately, adequately, and uniformly train a million and a quarter Air Raid Wardens has been set up by The American Legion as a public service. It is functioning smoothly and rapidly. You are needed, and you are eligible to play some sort of role—as a local Air Raid Warden, perhaps as an instructor in your American Legion Post Local Defense Council Warden Training School, or possibly as an instructor in an American Legion State Defense Council Warden Training School.

Our National Commander, Lynn U. Stambaugh, has pledged the whole-hearted coöperation of the National Organization, the Departments, and the Posts of The American Legion with State and local Defense Councils. To this he has added: "Again the Legion serves unselfishly 'For God and Country.' We have accepted a great responsibility; it is our obligation to aid in placing in operation a practical and complete Civilian Protection Program for the United States through the training of efficient Air Raid Wardens in the State and local Defense Council Warden Training Schools.

"A million, one hundred thousand strong, we march again! Yes, we serve again—for our freedoms, our property, our homes, for those we love."

The Core of Americanism

(Continued from page 21)

the recesses of the mind and beneath the heart these multiple Americas of yesterday. We must make certain that these ugly recessive characteristics never become the dominant factors in our national life.

The original settlers had seen enough of the workings of the theory of the Divine Right of Kings. They desired a land where individuals counted and had a place in the sun.

They followed the natural impulse of the Christian faith, which desires the best for every child no matter in how lowly a place he chances to be born.

Here matured the idea that the greatest danger of tyranny is in organized society and the greatest hope in a well-trained free body of citizens. Thus grew a faith in the slogan, "He who governs least governs best."

By no stretch of the imagination can one picture the early patriots becoming

mere cogs in a machine or slaves to a super-organization. As they made their rounds of the few social and political agencies and institutions of their day they moved in the direction of the maximum independence of the individual and the minimum control of organized society.

In the process of cultivating the latent talents in the individuals of our nation it was inevitable that some should grow into briars and brambles. These gave us a reputation abroad of being a dollar-mad, crime-ridden country. We did produce men equally as wicked as Hitler. But we never committed the colossal crime of permitting them to organize the rest of us and to dictate our national policy.

Despotism, tyranny and slavery can only survive by silencing the people. Here we believe that if collective action is imperative, those collected will willingly give their consent and coöperation.

Ours is a collectivism of, by and for those collected and derives its powers from the bottom up and not from the top down.

We believe thoroughly in the efficacy of a trained, conscientious people. We put the little red schoolhouse on one corner of the crossroads and a church on the other; the child comes from the one with his textbook and slate and from the other with the Bible and the Cross. The heritage of each child is a direct and free access to both the trained mind and the cultivated heart. No man has yet dared to presume to set himself up over us as an indispensable and absolute authority in either government or religion. From the rank and file of today must come the leadership of tomorrow. The American has a divine right and a God-given responsibility to put his shoulder directly to the wheels of government and his ear to the heart of God and thus contribute his share to the forward movement of humanity.

Therefore we thoroughly believe in social mobility and declare that if a man proves his worth over a few things he has a right to an opportunity for service in a larger sphere of activity. We believe that men can and should improve in quality. When they do so we owe it to them to keep open a constant current from the bottom to the top and also from the top to the bottom. The opportunity for promotion must be safeguarded for all worthy comers. America is the land of the under-dog only in so far as the under-dog is willing to learn his tricks.

For a long time we have been deluded in the belief that the riches of America are due to our more-favored natural resources. It is true we have great quantities of most of the essential elements necessary for a modern industrial civilization. But ours is not the only spot in the world with "Acres of Diamonds" in the back yard. When one looks at the world map of natural resources it seems that nature has rather evenly laid her deposits of wealth. What America added was an opportunity for the development and use of the creative capacities of her people without regard to the accidents of birth. Instead of using our energies in attempting to climb our neighbor's fence we invested them in digging in our own back yard. America has been a land of constructive work. We have preached a gospel of labor. America must continue to work! This is the core of our Americanism.

These blessings of America are dependent upon two conditions for their continuation—freedom and spirituality. No slave people ever found a promised land, and the golden age of Greece became possible only when a fairly-large group of her citizens became free to develop their personal abilities.

The height to which American wealth has gone is the result of the rebound from the suppressions of autocracy. Many of our racial groups here in America know for the first time in a thousand years the blessings of freedom from the day of birth. That freedom must be guarded as a most precious heritage.

Strange as it may seem to us, our original forebears came here not to find wealth but to find God and freedom—freedom not only from political domination but freedom to worship God and follow their own religious convictions. Our material wealth is a by-product of a spiritual-minded people who put the soul and personality ahead of material considerations.

America under God has come to the kingdom for such a time as this and again must put freedom and spirituality ahead of material considerations. We are in a position to spend billions for the defense of these ideals. May we never spend one cent for tribute or support of those ideas and ideologies which would forge our chains.

MAN OF WAR



PETE is a quiet, peace-loving man. Treats his family fine and pays his bills and gets along with his neighbors. Hasn't struck a blow in anger since he was a kid and caught another boy mistreating a dog.

But today Pete is mad clear through. You'd never guess it to see him at home; if anything he's quieter than ever. He isn't the kind to go around gritting his teeth and calling names.

When you see him at work, though—then's when you realize the difference. For there's a deadly precision in the way he goes about his work. He's on the job a little before starting time; he pays more careful attention to what he's doing; he knows what he's building and for whom he's building it. And that's why he's probably the most dangerous, the "fightingest" enemy the Axis powers have.

For it's men like Pete—who feel the way he feels, who are doing what he is doing—who are manning the machines in America's factories today. And they're turn-

ing out the deadliest, most effective array of weapons the world has ever seen.

There are a lot of men like Pete among the 125,000 General Electric employees these days. In their off hours you'll find them acting as air-raid wardens in their communities. You'll find them among the more than 100,000 G-E men and women who, without any fanfare or hurrah-boys, have signed up for U.S. Defense Bonds to the tune of more than \$20,000,000 a year. But most important of all, you'll find them on their job—doing what they know best, giving it the best they've got.

Quiet, peaceable, determined men of war. They're the men who, a few months ago, took pride in building refrigerators, radios, washing machines, and all the other contributions of electricity to peacetime living. Today they're putting their whole heart into the building of grimmer things—so that they and all of us may the sooner pick up the never-ending job of making better things for a better America. *General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y.*

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

952-313NG-211

MacArthur—Fightin' Man

(Continued from page 7)

under that theory, have been a land of unrivaled safety. The demonstration we have had of the difficulty of defending long coastlines should lay forever the theory that the sea is a barrier.

3. We have seen magnificent resistance by a force MacArthur has trained for a short half dozen years. Given opportunity to train a larger force, given a longer time, the Philippines would have been saved. Half a million people in Manila have been the pawns of a blind and dilatory pacifism. This time, perhaps, democracy will learn that military discipline may be the road to freedom. Training may well be a requirement of citizenship for the America of tomorrow.

4. We have learned the need of the expert in military affairs and expert planning of policy. Half the Philippines, Singapore and Java have fallen. But the fall has been only the echo of pacifist and isolationist shots fired in legislative halls, committee rooms and editorial columns, over two decades.

Most decorated man, in modern military annals, MacArthur wants no medals now. MacArthur spent a quarter of a century of his life trying to warn this nation against gambling its substance on the long shot of perpetual peace. MacArthur will not be satisfied merely to have the nation fight back now. His mission is to drive home his lesson of military preparedness.

Will MacArthur go back to the Philippines?

I know Douglas MacArthur and I think I can answer.

He went back in 1935 because he loved those islands. He loved them because he knew them. He was the second generation of MacArthurs to make them his own. More than forty years ago when his father, Arthur MacArthur, was military governor of the islands he had learned to know and love them.

Nothing save the orders of his Commander-in-Chief would ever have taken him out.

And, when Douglas MacArthur says he is going back, you may count on it—Douglas MacArthur will go back.

With him will go the armies of the United Nations with the flags of victory unfurled.

We Shall Keep Faith

(Continued from page 15)

tions under the treaty. Livestock and goods assessed against them for livestock and goods taken in the occupied and devastated regions of northern France and Belgium were restored in but half the amount taken. "Lost colonies" about which they cried long and loudly to impress the German people and keep alive hatred of their conquerors in preparation for another war amounted to less than one-half of one percent of the total German trade.

And the decade beginning with 1920—in retrospect how tragic it now seems! These were the years of the pacifist crusade, of Allied disarmament, of a League of Nations without teeth, where they debated and debated, and talked and talked, of the ever-recurring cries from Germany to cut down their debt or forgive it entirely or else "Germany would go Bolshevik," and it was forgiven—of the Soviet "liquidation" by execution and forced famine of millions of Russians.

Then came the fatal thirties. The Japanese seizure of Manchukuo from a friendly and peaceful China. The rejection of Secretary Stimson's clear-sighted proposal to the British to stop Japan when it could have been done by joint American-British warning, but British pacifist, panicky fear that the Japs without an ally might fight nations having four times their naval strength, together with the narrow, short-sighted interest in British-Japanese trade agreements, tossed away that golden opportunity. Stopped then, there could have been no Japanese-Chinese War, no Japanese alliance with Hitler, no Pearl Harbor, no Hong-Kong, Singapore, Manila, Java nor Burma, no threat to untold numbers of American lives in the Pacific . . . "If ye break faith with us who die."

So, emboldened by the blindness,

weakness and cowardice of the democracies, Mussolini defied them, and with poison gas, tanks and airplanes defeated the primitive Abyssinians, many fighting with shotguns, bows and arrows, and spears.

It was in the early thirties that Hitler and his Nazis finally came to power, trampled on the weak Weimar Republic and began to organize a Germany, always willing to follow a crafty, ruthless leader promising loot.

The provisions of the Versailles Treaty were quietly broken. Rearmament for a new and powerful army and navy began, arms factories hummed, labor discontent was shrewdly quieted by improved conditions, largely by means of British-American loans and dishonest trade practices. Joining the League of Nations, which he held in contempt, Hitler soon found an excuse to leave it, taking with him Italy and Japan, with whom he formed the Axis of totalitarian powers. The Axis at once divided the world into spheres of influence—a new Europe and Africa under Germany and Italy, a new Asia, "Asia for the Asiatics," under Japan.

This called for the destruction of the British, French, Chinese and Dutch Empires, the prohibition of American trade with Europe, Africa and Asia except on Axis terms, the Axis monopoly of South American trade—in brief a United States in a straitjacket.

During all of this time what were the victorious nations of 1918 doing? While Germany under orders preferred guns to butter, the intended victims preferred butter to guns and refused to face the facts or to be disturbed by those who warned that their butter wouldn't last long.

They preferred to believe propagandists who told them the United States had been cleverly drawn into the war,

in order to pull other nations' chestnuts out of the fire and pay the bills.

In England, the United States, and other Christian countries, the foolish pacifists without a realistic hair in their heads, with no knowledge of peoples, the rate of human progress, not even geography, were in the saddle. They owned the churches, held conferences, captured the inexperienced college undergraduates, outlawed war by resolution, and visited Geneva.

At the right moment Hitler moved, openly defying the Treaty of Versailles, and marched into the Rhineland with his tongue in his cheek, ready to get out if the French army opposed. But pacifistic England refused to back France and the move succeeded.

Came the war in Spain, then Munich, where Chamberlain for England and Daladier for France bowed before Hitler and Mussolini, practically giving up Czecho-Slovakia to the wolves and making certain the next demand upon Poland.

For this, Chamberlain and Daladier are now denounced as "appeasers." They were. Yet there are those who go back of 1938 and ask "Who is responsible for appeasement at Munich?" and they answer, "Those who for years disarmed Britain militarily and morally, leaving her with little to fight with. Those who stopped their ears and minds to Churchill's clear-viewed warnings, only to rush to him years afterwards to save them from the results of their own folly."

And in France? Greedy employers and venal politicians had created a condition that led to a Socialist-Communist-led revolt. In 1934-'35 these parties came to power de facto, and in 1936 Leon Blum formed his Popular Front Government with the aid of Daladier's left-wing Radical-Socialists. They embarked upon a legislative program, not wisely within the

framework of the economic system which had obtained in France and all Democratic countries for a century, but in a sweeping and revolutionary way which was bound to and did divide Frenchmen into two hostile groups hating each other bitterly, much more bitterly than they hated Hitler.

So determined were these Leftists to establish a Socialist system and purge their rivals of power and property that they neglected their first duty as a government and failed to equip properly their army for modern warfare. Blum and Daladier may deny this charge, but neither the Popular Front Government nor Marshal Petain and his Superior Council of War can be acquitted. Both are guilty. The Maginot Line was not completed and General de Gaulle's statement still stands: "Had France 5,000 more planes and 7,000 more tanks she would not have lost the Battle of France."

But for us Americans, as we compare French and American conditions, it is interesting to note that in 1936 when, following an appropriation of twelve billions of francs to increase the air force to meet that of Germany, only 340 planes were produced, that during that twelve-month period there were 364 strikes with tools downed within the arms' factories involving 400,000 skilled workmen, that General de Gaulle's pleas for heavy tanks fell on deaf ears.

"Where is your patriotism—what of France?" I said to one labor leader. He replied, "My patriotism is in my pocket. Anyone having it in any other place is an idiot." Well, there are no longer labor unions in France. These men work long hours on short pay and like it.

And in the United States, since Pearl Harbor, when even the most obstinate isolationist was forced to admit that the action of the Legion in its convention at Milwaukee was right, are there still those who can be placed alongside the European betrayers of our comrades?

It must be admitted with shame that there are. Not many, but too many. The American Legion knows who they are. Briefly, they are those who prefer business as usual, profits as usual, strikes and walk-outs as usual, politics as usual, pet hates as usual, complacent religion as usual, prayers for peace instead of victory—all those who in a thousand ways are hindering a one hundred percent efficiency and conquering spirit in a war in which we win all or lose all. Such influence must be stopped.

America can be proud of its growing Army and Navy, its airmen and its Leathernecks. But they are in uniform and cannot talk. We, their comrades of other wars, can. Let us do it with no uncertain voice, as we root out and denounce everyone who wilfully or ignorantly would betray the fighting men of the grandest republic on earth, fighting for the greatest cause—human freedom.

IT MADE A

City FAMOUS

Mention Milwaukee anywhere in the world and people say, "That's where they make SCHLITZ, the beer that made Milwaukee famous." To earn a reputation for having made a city famous is an achievement of which any product may be proud. Discover for yourself why Schlitz is *America's most distinguished beer.*



Copyright 1942, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

America's Most Distinguished Beer



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Just THE KISS OF THE HOPS

You don't have to drink a bitter beer. Schlitz methods of brewing control capture *only* the delicate flavor of the hops, not their harsh bitterness. That's one reason for that famous flavor found only in Schlitz. Taste Schlitz and you'll never want to go back to a bitter beer.

America the POWER-FULL!

★ The world was staggered by America's published production goals for 1942 and 1943.

★ "Paper promises," sneered Axis editors.

★ But the clouds of bombers that will eclipse the Rising Sun — the torrent of tanks that will help smash the Swastika — are pouring off our assembly lines **on schedule**.

★ And most of this military power begins with **electric** power!

★ **Electric power** turns the machines that turn out everything from bullets to battleships.

★ **The Arsenal of Democracy has enough power today** because the management of America's electric companies was far-sighted.

★ Management had planned for expansion and was **prepared** when the crisis came. Prepared with **more** electric power than Germany, Japan, and Italy **combined**. Prepared with **five times** the electric power we had in the last war.



This advertisement prepared by N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.

★ Management built up power reserves in advance and inter-connected company systems so that extra power could be rushed to points of need. When corn fields became army camps overnight, and remote towns mushroomed with munition plants, electric light and power were **on tap—on time!**

★ That is the American way at work. A free enterprise built by the investments of millions of people. An industry that has reduced the average price of household electricity about 50% in 15 years. **An industry with power to enrich the life of every American, once this fight for life is won!**

To The Engineers!

(Continued from page 19)

Well, we have a road grader much like those you see on a state highway job, only better—powerful single-blade machines, strong and capable. In the hands of a good operator they are priceless—ditching, crowning, leveling, spreading, scraping, digging. You need good maintenance and repair men—not to mention expert replacement men. If it breaks down “away up,” you can’t run it back over congested roads.

We have a medium tractor, 50 to 60 horsepower, with bulldozer—there’s a road tool for you. One of these operated by someone with plenty of skill and a will to do, would have done miracles in the last war—it’s doing them in this World War II. You can push with it, pull with it, get the general out of the mud with it, tow crippled trucks. All it needs is an operator that knows his stuff.

We have gas-power shovels, three-eighths cubic yards, one-half cubic yards, which can move 50 to 67 cubic yards an hour—you can make a crane out of them by putting a boom extension on the dipper stick, and they have a piledriver attachment. It can clear ground, stumps, handle loads, drive piles and do a lot of things sick roads need done to them in a hurry. Takes a good experienced operator to get your money’s worth out of a machine like this—in civil life you pay him about as much as an army captain gets, and he’s worth it.

Of course there are plenty of dump trucks. And there’s an earth auger motorized and gas powered—you can find lots of things to do with that, provided you have it in good shape and can supply a good operator.

We have a nicely worked out truck—mounted air compressor with a good assortment of air tools all the way from chain saws, air drills and riveting hammers to paving breakers. You can do a lot with this outfit, especially if used in conjunction with skill and experience. In a pinch you can use air like you can steam to run engines. It takes skill to keep ‘em running full blast and knowledge of several trades to do all the things possible with them.

Then, there is no end of other machines and appliances, light plants, water purification units and water supply equipment, and pumps. The new gasoline field stove needs mechanical care as does demolition equipment, field blueprinting and map reproduction units—even bath units.

What has a combat Engineer regiment got that will take care of the bridge factor of its many-sided equation? First of all, more automotive equipment, special—very special—trailers to carry assault boats, light and heavy pontoons and their chess and balk. Better get a table of Basic Allowances (Engineer) or some of

the fine Belvoir publications—and really see in detail all the things mechanical or requiring a mechanic they’ve got in this 1942 man’s Army that World War I never dreamed of.

We have to haul all kinds of bridges, and we have them. Neither Old Man River nor any of his family can now stop us very long. The Roman military engineers said that a bridge was something to carry a road across, with no stop of traffic. Not all tanks are amphibians, and they are heavy. We have trucks to haul 25-ton bridges for medium tanks, 20-ton, 10-ton, 5-ton float-

ing bridges—trailers and semi-trailers with prime movers in quantity. Just because the pontoons are aluminum—maybe some of it came from your kitchen—is no sign they are not heavy or bulky.

Raft ferry equipment and foot bridge equipment to cross a 1000-foot stream all take mechanically operated vehicles to transport them; the latter, for instance, takes nine and one-and-one-half-ton trucks alone.

Are we really and truly operating to best advantage? Are we getting full value and worth out of these tools and machines?

Ready to go anywhere ... QUICKLY



"We'll keep 'em rolling
— wherever the
war needs call."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM ... Service to the Nation in Peace and War



If you are lucky enough to live over your 1917-18 experience with the '42 edition—even if only for a short time—or if you can see a new Division earnestly maneuvering against another Division, Corps against Corps, or are favored of the Gods to have seen in the field in Texas and Louisiana and the Carolinas armies such as never in our history have we had before, you will have to admit that this new kid mechanized Army has really got something.

It takes longer to make a mechanic—three years, we say, seven years, the old country says—and experience which many are getting by leaps and bounds is cutting down the time lag. We are really producing them fast.

I saw an enthusiastic buck-private graduate chemical engineer stick 24 hours to get things just right at a water point. I saw a C.C.C. graduate do more to get a division headquarters out of a sea of mud (when a near cloudburst caught them in their well camouflaged C.P.) with a caterpillar tractor (bulldozer) than you would believe unless you saw it.

I saw a company of Engineers break up a problem, much to the chagrin of the umpires: the swamp was to be found impassable—eight streams—and low ground. They found a place by super-reconnaissance, built three bridges out of standard equipment and trees they had felled, improvised foot bridges,

found fords, marked trails and corduroy stretches and had a regiment of crack infantry across before daylight. That wasn't the prearranged answer to the problem—wasn't the one in the back of the book.

Of course things have taken on a new realism since Pearl Harbor, for the Engineers as for other services. They know, for instance, that practice in giving air bases and fields real protection in case of an air raid may give way very shortly to the grim real thing any day. Revetments must be rushed—not the kind that keep river banks from caving, but earth mounds or short levees between which planes can be taxied just off the runways for shelter, so that bursting shells can't destroy a group of them on the ground or be machine gunned so readily as on an open field or when concentrated in a hangar. There's a chance to see what dump trucks, bulldozers, standard-equipment gas shovels and other equipment can definitely do. It's a real job, not just an exercise.

Most of you readers of the Legion Magazine have seen shell holes and bomb craters. We'll say a road has been hit—pock marked or trenched clear across. That's a job for the Task Force of available Engineers. Say the craters are ten feet in diameter and six feet deep. If two are close together, the road is blocked for wheeled travel. Tanks and certain "cat" equipment may get through

but those holes have to be filled too suite—not only filled but packed for traffic.

Of course there are hand shovels and strong backs to supplement the big tools, for instance, the 1/2-cubic-yard gas shovel, which accounts for 67 cubic yards per hour, or 536 cubic yards for a contractor's eight-hour day. The standard bulldozer, on cats too, shoves 43 cubic yards an hour into a hole like that and 50 cubic yards if the material isn't blown too far, 110 cubic yards an hour between these two teamed together, we'll say, to be conservative.

Let's say the enemy got a direct hit square in the middle of the road and left a crater fifty feet in diameter and twenty feet deep, 484 cubic yards—say 500, and more scattered and harder to get at—that's five hours work with only two machines fighting—maybe spelling off operators would cut that a few minutes.

Think a minute. Our World War II is not localized in one Grand Division, or one Continent, or one Hemisphere. What has been done relatively close at home, along our Atlantic seaboard with contractor equipment—must be done in a hundred other places from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand under conditions of snow, ice, oil-chilling temperatures and frozen ground, to the steaming 120 degrees of deserts and jungles. Engineers, Engineers, more Engineers—double the number proportionately to those we needed in 1918.

Indian Stuff We Can Use

(Continued from page 35)

told to be farmers, which was about as much of a success as if the entire membership of the average Legion Post were required to farm. And showmanship which made best money when it showed Indians in weird, bloodthirsty rites, and movies which pictured them as marauders, have pretty well filled out our false ideas.

So we let foreigners use the good things Indians knew, and we passed them by.

Some of the old Indian lore is already lost forever. The knowledge of roots and herbs old medicine men had—the closely guarded professional secrets that are credited with remarkable cures of whites and Indians alike—this has largely gone to the grave with those medicine men.

But there are still old tribesmen alive in the West who know how food was found growing wild, and how some things were done in other fields. There are plainsmen and woodsmen who learned from the Indians and contrived for themselves skills that enabled them to survive on their own, sometimes even without weapons or supplies. And much of this knowledge is available in tested woodcraft books in any library.

So what?

The Army has modern-day iron ra-

tions. Newspapers tell of a fortified chocolate bar with the energy equivalent of a meal—a bar that will withstand 120 degrees of heat, and comes in a gas-repellent wrapper—and a sort of super-pemmican cracker for pilots that will withstand tropical heat. German emergency rations are being studied.

But these foods may not be available to civilians, to individuals chased out by bombers. And there is a long list of short-cuts, tricks and accomplishments not concerned with food, and of more use to independent operators than to the Army.

Indians were taught to be self-sufficient. Many puzzling displays of Indian military strategy become clear when it's understood that one of the main objectives of a warrior was to come home alive. It was his job to take care of his family. That was his major contribution to the general good. That is a chief objective many Legionnaires have in mind today.

Suppose you fled from your home and town and found yourself and your family hiding in a grove, for a night or a week, with nothing but what you'd grabbed as you ran. Suppose you had to keep going for weeks? Would you know where to start and what to do? An old time Indian would.

There's probably a thousand to one chance that you won't need to know. But there is that one chance—it has happened as a tragic surprise to many peoples. Deep down in their hearts a good many men of Legion age have wondered about that one chance, and wondered what it would mean to them and their families.

The Indian way was to assume that the worst imaginable thing might happen, to haul it out in daylight and look it over, and figure how the problem would be met. Then they were pretty sure to be pleasantly disappointed, and they seldom faced vague problems for which they didn't have the answers.

This philosophy, picked up from one old Indian after another, can be applied today by those who think that it may provide something they can use, or that it could fit into a program of civilian defense.

These frontier people rose happily every morning, expecting to battle nature and assorted foes so they'd live to sleep that night. They didn't waste time sitting and worrying. They used that time to plan their course in the face of specific troubles that could come to them—and to make sure that they could follow these plans. They didn't suffer the panic and hysteria that come when

uncertainty is the big factor in fear—the fear that jammed roads with helpless, hungry, destitute refugees when the Germans took Paris.

We might take a man we'll call Johnson for convenience, a service man who could be any one of us, and see how he'd act according to the Indian philosophy.

Johnson would look around him when he laid this magazine down. He would size up his family and calculate the primary daily needs and the general resourcefulness of the members of that family, and note the gaps in the picture. Then he'd work out a program to follow if disaster should come—in the guise of war, or flood, or fire.

He would work, according to this philosophy of the Indians, along three lines.

His family would talk over, first, the mental slant of self-sufficiency. Second, they'd decide on the essential tools they should try to take with them if they had to leave. Third, they'd undertake to learn how to use those tools, and to learn the resources nature makes available. Then, knowing that they could care for themselves, right from scratch, they'd find their worries wouldn't loom so large.

It seems agreed that the mental slant is the most important thing. That was the distinguishing mark of the pioneer who survived. There must be the will to live against all odds, without waiting for

somebody else to do something, with no thought of giving up, no thought of accepting less than the best available. This needs knowledge and experience to make it airtight, but it can be talked up to some degree. This doesn't have to be done in the gloomy atmosphere of threatened tragic invasion. It can be a plan for a camping trip, traveling light.

If Johnson and his family learn until they can get in one tight spot—lost, perhaps, without food, with a storm coming up—and work it out without getting panicky, they'll have passed the first eleven grades, the oldsters say. The Indian way is to look around carefully, make use of the things in sight, and get in the best possible shape to meet that storm. When it's the best you can do, go to sleep.

Men have got by with no more tools than their two hands, and one of the worst things possible is to feel that without any given instrument you're helpless, old warriors say. But it would be a great help to Johnson if he could have with him a knife and an axe or hatchet, some rope or cord, a warm blanket for each person, a light waterproof cloth, matches in several waterproof containers, a gun and ammunition, a canteen, some salt, compact books on the appearance and uses of wild trees and plants, and a first aid book. The Indians tried to keep with them the equivalents of all these but the books, and they'd been

drilled from infancy in all their elders knew that these books tell. The man today who could leave books at home because he knew what was in them would be just so much better off.

And then it would be up to Johnson to learn what use he could make of these things, or what he could substitute for tools he'd lack. He'd remember that he probably couldn't call for help. Solution of his problems would be entirely up to him.

He might figure he better know about pemmican. It's an item for which he could expect to find abundant raw material. There are cows all over the country and in time of disaster they'd tend to wander. A determined, hungry hunter with a rock in his hand could bag such game. He'd need a knife to cut the meat into half inch strips. Fire to dry it with would help, but the sun could do the drying. Then Johnson could use a rock to pound it to powder—if he didn't choose to dry the strips for jerky—also edible. Some knowledge of the geography of a cow would serve him handily, but if he were hungry enough that needn't hold him up.

And he'd look for other powerful, simple foods—such as rockahominy, or pinole or coal-flour. Under whatever name, it's corn, parched in clean ashes until it bursts, then sifted and blown clean and pounded to a coarse flour. A couple of spoonfuls of that, and a drink



THE 5 CROWNS GIVE TOUGHNESS THE GUN!



This "HOST" bottle sure is a honey,
And 5 Crown's the best for your money,
It's finer! It's lighter,
'Cause that little blighter
Named TOUGHNESS, is out—
the "dumb bunny".

Yes, TOUGHNESS is out! He's been fired.
Our 5 Crown's so smooth it's inspired
This bottle, named "HOST".
So go drink a toast—
With the brand that's so
greatly admired.



Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 72 1/2% grain neutral spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

of water, made a meal that kept Indian runners alive—and it took energy to be an Indian runner. This food is light and compact. The Indians liked blue Indian corn, but any variety—even popcorn—will do. Corn's a native of this country, and grows almost everywhere. Lacking it, wheat or even oats could be pounded up that same way.

Johnson would find in any library standard books describing and picturing long lists of things we call weeds that are good eating, and lists of edible roots and barks. If he looked these things up now, and tried a few of them, he'd be more self-sufficient than the man who had to experiment under fire.

Fire is important for preparation of foods, and important for warmth. Old Indians say it isn't such a technical job to provide fire, right from scratch, if the fireman knows what he's looking for, if he's had practice and if he's patient. As long as matches last, they're the best. If his matches got wet, and not too wet, Johnson could dry them by rubbing them through his hair. A burning glass is about the next best bet, experience seems to say, though it has to wait for a bright sun.

A Boy Scout can give instruction on making fire by friction, and some woodsmen favor this method. The Indians used to carry a fire stick and block with them, though. Suitable wood is usually hard to find when it's needed. The good old flint and steel is favored by some—the back of a knife and flint, or quartz or pyrites. The big job here is to catch the spark in your tinder, which may be one of a dozen things, perhaps pulverized dry bark or pounded wood or roughly torn cotton, preferably charred.

Johnson would learn that hides can be used for clothing and shelter without being actually tanned. An Indian Legionnaire told me how his mother and grandmother prepared hides. The animal was skinned right after the kill, and the hide was staked out on the ground and left to dry a day or two. Then they went to work on it with a tool that looked like a hoe with the handle cut to six or eight inches. For the scraping edge they first used a flat bone, sharpened on a rough rock, and in later years this bone with a strip of metal fastened with rawhide

to the edge. With this they'd scrape all the meat and gristle off the inside, and sometimes the hair off the outside of the hide. Then they'd let it dry in the sun four or five days, watching that it didn't scorch and get brittle. Dried, it was stiff and good for moccasin soles.

If they wanted softer leather, the Indians would rub in the brains or the marrow. Marrow—called bone-fat—was favored by the family that gave this description. Bones were crushed and boiled, and the marrow came to the top,



"Just forget the Good-Neighbor policy while we're down here!"

to be skimmed off and saved till needed. They'd rub this into the skin, then work it with their hands, the way shoe men work over a stiff shoe. They'd do this for a couple of days. Then it was washed in clean water, dried again, and ready for use. It was smoked, sometimes, to cut shrinkage and to give a darker color.

The Indians used sinew for thread, and Johnson might learn about that. Two flat belts of sinew run, neck to rump, along the backbone of buffalo or cattle. These were taken out and dried. When thread or string was wanted the whole belt was wet, and fibres the needed size were pinched off, and dried again before they were ready for use. Sinew was put through holes punched with an awl or sharp knife point. No needle was used—it would have cut the sinew. After it was worked in, they found the sinew softer than thread, and it wouldn't rot when wet.

Johnson could use sticks or slabs, or

bark, or bundles of branches and twigs, or strips of sod to make his shelter. He'd find there would be genuine comfort in a hole in the ground. He'd find it handy to have string or rope with him, but he could make substitutes by twisting vines or bark fibre or twigs together. He'd twist small strands to the right, and then twist those together to the left, to make his rope.

Dishes needn't be such a problem, the oldsters agree. Liquids can be boiled by hollowing out a place in the top of a fallen log, or putting the water or stew in a hollow on a rock, and then dropping in hot stones, heating them over and over again. Smooth inner bark of trees can be folded into dishes, held together with thorns and splinters. Experience testifies that it's possible to boil water in a birch-bark container and over coals, as long as the heat is banked down to where there's water touching the bark the heat contacts.

By the time Johnson got this far he'd figure what else he needed, and he'd learn it or get it, most likely. He'd stow away a little cash, for use when his exile ended.

He would study the country around so he'd know about where he'd aim for if he had to run, and spot two or three routes to get there. He'd have learned some angles on local resources and precautions from the Scout troop his Post sponsors.

With his objective the art of knowing how to live off nature before he had to do it, he'd probably find that after he'd studied a while, he could take short-cuts of his own devising.

Nearly every outfit in the Army had at least one man in it who was handy at figuring out gadgets to add little comforts and conveniences, wherever he might be. Sometimes his cross-cuts to heat, light and power got him in a jam, but usually the profit was bigger than the loss. And willingness to try things is important when you're on your own, say the survivors of old tribal days.

But the main thing is to do something—not just to wait and worry. And it works much better if you have a fairly clear idea of what to do.

We can learn that from the Indians if we want to learn it.

Hitler did.

Nebraska's Bulging Mail Bag

(Continued from page 27)

credit. It can draw on it at any time to provide food, fuel, medical attention, clothing and burial expenses. It supports a veteran who has been ill until he can go back to work, help a widow and children until other arrangements can be made."

"I remember one Post," MacDermott interrupted, "that had about \$600 in its account. A mother of four children had

to have an expensive, grave operation or die.

"If she died, the children would be dispersed in homes. So the Post just paid for the operation, held the home together and kept the woman going. It cost every dime it had—but it was worth it."

Like every other Legion Department, Nebraska is pre-occupied with the youth movement, as those of you who read

Biff Jones' article in this magazine on the Nebraska Boys' State know. But this Relief Endowment Fund decentralizes most of the work. Many Departments don't know exactly what is spent locally.

But through the inspection reports Nebraska knows that in 1941, \$56,295.29 was spent for child welfare. Only \$22,000 went for local relief of 3,462 children. The rest was spent for Boy Scouts, Boys'

and Girls' State, drum corps, baseball, and Christmas for the kids.

As a consequence of this Post inspection service and monthly suggestion bulletins, the Posts are now educated to the point of being definitely publicity conscious.

"We got out a publicity manual," Patterson told me, "that has been suggested as a model. We covered publicity in general, local Post news, newspaper articles, and public bulletin boards. Now, not only do we get notified what the Post does but what the community does as well."

"I'd say," said MacDermott, "that we're pretty closely welded by this responsiveness. Take, for instance, our annual Veterans' State Fair Day here in Lincoln. Out of our nearly 19,000 members—and we'll make it 20,000 this year—we had a turnout of fourteen thousand for that day. In uniform, mind you. With bands playing, and drums rolling and flags flying. They came from all over the State. That's what I call real responsiveness."

I admitted it, and the compactness displayed. Yet I would not call Nebraska more than a normal Department. It has the same program as have other Departments.

I am certain in my own mind that other Departments of similar size do as much for the community and the State and the nation. You look over their reports to the Department Convention and you find listed Education, Junior Baseball, Legislation, Law and Order, Marksmanship, Membership, National Defense, Publicity, Radio, Rehabilitation, Child Welfare, Safety—in short, save for a few special items, you will find all Departments covering similar important activities.

THE difference to me is that Nebraska because of its responsive Posts compares with Iowa and other well-organized Departments in getting complete reports on what the Posts do. So that its record of accomplishment bulks enormous for the membership doing the work.

For myself I know only of Louisiana that also has a Post inspection service that has kept the Posts on their toes. If the rest of the Departments were to inaugurate Post inspection plus the monthly quiz on activities, the total American Legion service to State, community and nation could then be tabulated—and the results would startle the nation.

"We lay no claim to having originated the Post inspection service," chuckled Patterson. "All I can tell you is that it is working wonders here. And if other Adjutants are getting headaches and wearing out their cuss-words, they'd better try the plan we have adopted and see what happens."

Which is why the idea, in detail, is being passed on here.

FALSE TEETH

were Untrue to Grandma Gray

BUT THE KIDS ALL LOVE HER NOW!

*The kindness of Grandma Gray
Made kiddies all adore her.*

*No wonder she was hurt when they
Decided to ignore her.*

*The truth was that they could not stand
The odor nor the sight*

*Of Granny's FALSE TEETH;
though by hand,
She scrubbed them day and night.*



**Cleans, Purifies
Without Brushing**
Do this every day: Add
a little POLIDENT
Powder to half a glass
of water. Stir. Put in
plate or bridge 10 to
15 minutes. Rinse, and
it's ready to use.



"Use POLIDENT," her dentist said,
"Its action can't be beat."

"You neither scrub nor rub; instead
You soak plates clean and sweet!"

Since Granny has, the kiddies make
Her life serene and nice.

If you wear PLATES, you too should take
This POLIDENT advice.



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**CLEANS PLATES AND BRIDGES
ALL DRUG STORES, ONLY 30¢**

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The Message Center

(Continued from page 2)

ican Flying Services Foundation's effort to help men whom the Army and Navy Flying Services had turned down for physical reasons. The Foundation, organized by the medical profession, felt that it could get at least half of those rejectees back into the service they longed to join. As a result of this notice the Foundation received inquiries from every State in the Union, and boys from twenty-four States and the District of Columbia have been accepted by the appropriate service as a result of the Foundation's help. For fifty dollars a Legion Post or an individual can sponsor the rehabilitation of one of these boys. The American Flying Services Foundation, whose address is 60 East 42d Street, New York City, will answer inquiries.

DEAN BEEKMAN'S *We Shall Keep Faith* (on page 14) recalls the series of Memorial Day celebrations we have held since 1918, and particularly those in France, "loved long since and lost awhile," in the fine words of Cardinal Newman's great hymn. In granite, marble and bronze we honor the memory of the heroes of 1917-'18, and we also remember them in trees. As memorials to those who have passed on trees have been increasingly used. The Save-the-Redwoods League, organized in 1918, with headquarters on the campus of the University of California at Berkeley but with a membership drawn from all America, has honored a number of individuals through memorial groves in the Golden State. The best known of these is the

Bolling Memorial in Humboldt Redwoods State Park, dedicated in August, 1921, and honoring an officer killed in action during the German Offensive near Amiens, France on March 26, 1918. In his dedicatory address on that occasion the late Madison Grant said: "Colonel Raynal C. Bolling was our first officer of high rank to make the supreme sacrifice, and the circumstances surrounding his death, the story of how he refused to surrender and fought against overwhelming odds in the shelter of a shell-hole until his pistol was empty, forms one of the stirring chapters of the Great War."

MAKING the other fellow say something he doesn't want to say has been one of the most delicious triumphs for the quick thinkers in all ages. One of the cleverest in our national life came in 1884, just before the election of Grover Cleveland over James G. Blaine as President of the United States. It was a bitter campaign, lightened toward its end by the discovery of some concealed humor in a verse dedicated to Mr. Blaine in a poem which the *Buffalo Commercial* carried. Governor Cleveland's home was in Buffalo. The hoax was all the more delightful to the Democrats from the fact that the owner of the *Commercial* was chairman of the New York State Republican Committee. The first letters of the 33-line poem were found to read, "VOTE FOR CLEVELAND, THESE LINES ARE BOSH."

According to a letter which appeared in the New York *Herald Tribune* of

some time ago, the newspaper *Paris Soir* in the former French capital (and therefore under Nazi control) during the past summer published some verse which apparently praised the Hitler regime and condemned England. But, as the *Herald Tribune* correspondent, Robert K. Woodward of Orange, New Jersey, pointed out the effect was the exact opposite if one split each line of the verse, making two poems grow where there was only one before. Here is the original verse, split so as to get the anti-Hitler effect, and with the separate sections in English below it. To get the effect that the casual reader got, read across in the translation which Mr. Woodward offered for the French original:

Aimons et admirons
L'éternelle Angleterre
Maudissons et echassons
Le Nazi sur la terre
Soyons donc le soutien
Des boys navigateurs
A eux seuls appartient
La palme du vainqueur

With love let us praise
Everlasting England.
Let us curse, let us raze
On Earth the Nazi band.
Let us then hear support
For boys plowing the sea,
By whose sole effort
The victory shall be.

Le Chancelier Hitler
est indigne de vivre;
le peuple d'outremer;
sera seul à survivre
du Fuehrer allemand
finira L'Odyssée;
un juste châtiment
attend la Croix Gamée.

Hitler the Chancellor
Is unworthy of life.
The trans-Channel Mentor
Sole survivor in strife—
For the German chieftain
Shall the Odyssey fade
Just punishment obtain
For the Swastika glaive.

THE following tribute to Tommy Atkins, otherwise the British foot soldier, was written by Donald R. Griffin, a student in Castlemont High School, Oakland, California. Donald is the son of Ray M. Griffin, immediate Past Post Commander of George Winsby Post of the Legion in Oakland, and it is exactly as he wrote it, except that we have had to shorten it.

"They say you're a bungler, Tommy—those who sit comfortably at home. They have been reading of your latest retreats in critical newspapers, and they don't like it. They have been listening to the radio commentators who tell them of your withdrawals and defeats on four fronts, and they don't like it. They debate among themselves on the reasons for the fall of Singapore—and they damn you for the fight you fought, for the battles lost, and the counterattacks neglected, and the long, slow, bloody retreat you made. And in the final battle for the island of Singapore, you made your stand—all of you Scotchmen, Englishmen, Aussies, and Indians—turned on your tormentors and fought it out with them.

"Yes—fought in the streets of the city itself; the smoke-filled, fire-swept streets that Britain had carved out of the wilderness, out of the brains, blood and sweat of those who won the English Empire. . . .

"But they forget, Tommy . . . ! !

"They forget a beach—a lovely beach, where swimmers used to frolic, and crowds gathered on Sundays to sun themselves. But on this particular day in May there were no swimmers, no holiday makers sunning themselves, no bands playing . . . only a huge mass of huddling men, dirty, grim and daring, grouped in the sand, firing with rifles at a terror-filled sky. Here and there at



"I told you we shouldn't have bought this house with the built-in garage!"

steady intervals there would come the roar of high explosives, and a tawny geyser of sand would rip skyward—and with it the remains of a man! Frequently the constant drone overhead would become an ear-shattering roar as a fleet, dark shape would hurtle from the skies to spew death in blazing doses to those who crouched below. And among all this, long thin lines of men waded in orderly, quiet lines into the sea, to be picked up by a swift destroyer, lumbering tug, fisherman's sloop, or more than often, a small rocking private sailboat.

"Those men on that beach did not rush the boats, they did not break up or revert to hysteria in any way; no, they just crouched there, waiting their turn while the enemy blasted at them and dumped on them every means of destruction known to the superior, 20th century war machine. And they took all this with quiet courage until they had been removed from this bathing beach at a little coastal town in Flanders that was known to the natives and to the world as—Dunkirk.

"They forget also an icy Norwegian harbor at the end of a majestic fiord, into which one day in the spring of 1940 dashed several warships of the Royal

Navy with all guns blazing, and sank a superior force of Nazi naval craft which guarded that harbor. . . .

"They forget Libya and its manifold examples of courage, and they forget Greece where a British force held the immortal pass of Thermopylae for 48 hours against the full might of the blitzkrieg, until these heroes of England died on the graves of those gallant "three hundred" of old. They forget Crete and Ethiopia, Syria and Iraq, Malta and—London. They forget a thousand and one incidents of courage, gallantry, heroism, and utmost sacrifice. Campaigns of victory, and campaigns where victory was snatched out of defeat.

"Yes, they forget, Tommy!!

"You are a common soldier, you don't ask much and you get even less. Your hardships are those of the warrior—devoid of comforts, and in your case those hardships have not often been allayed by the sweet taste of victory; but you fight on doggedly, yes even bunglingly at times, but always bravely, asking nothing but the arms and equipment to meet the enemy on even terms, and asking nothing of those at home but faith and a certain amount of trust.

"It's not too much to ask—is it?"

THE EDITORS

Aussies Never Say Die

(Continued from page 13)

to be expected this has been attended to and stocks stored up, and I get a picture of high-octane going by camel back across the great desert-heart of the country. They've used camels there since 'way back, and have genuine Afghans to handle them, including the third and fourth generation. That is, of Afghans.

No, I wouldn't care to be a Jap invader of that country. Neither would I want to tangle with a nest of wildcats. The Aussies are not going to pull any of these "masterly" retreats. If they have to make a stand it'll really be all out, like MacArthur's, and maybe a few more

Jap generals will have to commit hara-kiri. This is not just all talk. I know the Aussies, and anyone who was in the last show does too. If I'm not mistaken only two men have ever won the Victoria Cross twice, and both were Aussies at Gallipoli. On their own soil, and fighting for their own homes, the old emu is going to be a tough nut to crack.

If I were sitting in that shaft of an opal mine again I'd swallow hard and agree with the digger prodding into the clay. "Tried to jump in here?" he'd echo again, amazed. "Why, they'd just be in the frying pan!" Brother, he's got something. Those Aussies will never say die.

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Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.



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It's a Million Dollar Idea

(Continued from page 31)

that was a major triumph. Good will still prevails and all is sweetness and light.

For A New Tank

"GIVE them back in bullets" is a slogan adopted by the Scarsdale (New York) Post in reference to its World War trophies. Carrying out the slogan, at a community exercise held on March 1st, the German .88 which for many years has dominated the village green was turned in for scrap. Commander E. Lester Carroll said that while the piece had sentimental value, that consideration was outweighed by the present urgent need for scrap. "We look forward to being able to replace it with a more modern German or Jap field piece later on," he added. The space formerly occupied by the gun is now marked with a printed sign: "The German cannon which stood here has been turned in for 'offense' metal. This space reserved for a new Axis model."

School Patrols

ARTHUR CALVIN POST of Worthington, Minnesota, has for ten years sponsored a school patrol. Under the direction of Legionnaire Hugh Roberts, the patrol has worked faithfully and efficiently through the years; it has reduced the normal hazards in and around the school buildings, and has made for itself a distinct place in the community life. "We do not believe that a boy should be asked to stand out in all kinds of weather without being properly clothed," says Chairman Roberts. "Therefore we have provided standard equipment necessary for any and all kinds of weather. We have a dozen white traffic rain coats and the same number of hats, storm capes, and high-top rubber boots." The patrol is divided into three reliefs of twelve men, each officered by a captain and a lieutenant.

Commander R. A. Smith of Aubra Townsend Post, Hickman, Ky., reports the organization and complete equipment of a school patrol under the sponsorship of his Post. The corps was inducted by Lieutenant "Biff" Carr, Legionnaire, who is State Supervisor of the Safety Division of the Kentucky Highway Patrol. And as a matter of interest, Comrade Carr delivered his 1008th school lecture on safety before giving the oath of office to the boys. The money to buy the equipment, says Commander Smith, was contributed by individual Legionnaires.

Clothing Drive

"IT WAS just eight years ago at a meeting of James Coffey Post of

Nashua, New Hampshire, that the Child Welfare Chairman called attention to a family where the children had to stay away from school because of lack of clothing," writes Dr. Abbott L. Winoograd, who is Vice Chairman of Area A of the National Child Welfare Committee. "The Legionnaires were impressed, and a conference with the superintendent of schools disclosed that there were many such unfortunate youngsters. That year the committee, under the leadership of William Johnson, now Department Commander,



"Just carve 'Rest in Peace—Till we meet again!'"

clothed three hundred children, many from head to foot.

"That was eight years ago. Since that time Nashua has come to expect the annual Legion and Auxiliary Clothing Drive for needy school children and many homes save their cast-off clothing in anticipation of the event. This year the drive reached its greatest success; over five hundred of the city's children received clothing. Eliot Carter, head of a local factory, headed the committee. Stores contributed clothing, a cleaning plant cleaned every piece of worn clothing, a shoe factory sent fifty pairs of shoes, ample working rooms were given free of charge and a corps of women worked on the clothing, sorting, mending and sewing on buttons. James Coffey Post put in \$500 in cash for new clothing to fill gaps, and distribution was made in coöperation with the teachers of the various schools."

Memorial

WORKING in coöperation with other organizations of veterans, George Beach Post of Fort Collins, Colorado, had a leading part in a community memorial service held for eight of their county's young men who have fallen in

service—four while preparing for the impending war, and four who have died in service, one of whom yielded his life at Pearl Harbor. The memorial was attended by about 1,000 people and it is the plan, writes Commander J. P. McIver, to hold similar meetings every three months while the war is on.

Shorts and Overs

COMMANDER E. R. CRISSMAN of Carbon Post, Helper, Utah, writes that his Post has adopted an official statement of its concept of the obligations of the individual in our national crisis: "If any Soldier, Sailor or Marine owes his life to the defense of our country, no citizen owes less, or has earned the right to expect more." . . . Nicholas J. Ether reports that Inwood (New York) Post has a surplus of fifty uniforms for a junior band, and would be glad to hear from Posts needing such equipment. Comrade Ether's address is 3859 Tenth Avenue, New York City. . . . Hiram J. Slifer Post of Chicago, Illinois, takes its name from a distinguished soldier—"father of the 21st Engineers"—who died in France, and the greater number of the Post members served under his command. It is still a service Post, and its officers and men are returning to active service, even stripping the outfit of its officers. On March 16th, Commander Arthur H. Nielsen, Past Commander Harry E. Ellis, now a member of the Post Executive Committee, Finance Officer Luther B. Mann and Adjutant Frank Parker left for Camp Polk, Louisiana, to take up duty with the 23d Engineer Armored Battalion. . . . The 78th Division Veterans' Association, members of the old Lightning Division which trained for World War service at Fort Dix, New Jersey, has secured permission from the War Department to place fourteen stained glass windows in the Post Chapel at Fort Dix in memory of Lightning Division men. Plans are well advanced and funds, voluntary contributions from 78th men, are being received by the National Secretary, Raymond Taylor, Box 482, Closter, New Jersey.

Gilbert M. Lewis Post of Kinsley, Kansas, writes Legionnaire Claude Akers, as a contribution to community welfare and home defense has organized a first aid class with an enrollment of one hundred and eleven men and women . . . Adjutant Roland E. Bunker of Earl B. Clark Post, Barnstead, New Hampshire, claims the record for his town in sending its young men into the defense forces. Barnstead, a town of 800 population, has thirty-five of its young men in uniform or one for every twenty-three persons . . . 13th Engineers Post, Chicago, Illinois, has



Danbury (Connecticut) Post, through the generosity of one of its members, hauls aircraft warning details to and from their tower in a seven-passenger automobile

presented American flags to Peabody and Holden elementary schools in its home area. Both schools are attended, for a very large part, by children of foreign-born, writes Post Historian R. P. Mead . . . Mrs. Isabella L. McCall, Publicity Chairman of World War Nurses Post, Richmond Hill, New York, reports that the forty-eight members have volunteered their services in the

Legion's home defense program. "In Queens County, New York," Chairman McCall continues, "all of the Post rooms approved by the Department of Hospitals are being equipped and made ready for disaster cases. The Legion nurses are to take charge of these buildings, with Legionnaires and Auxiliaries assisting in the work."

BOYD B. STUTLER

Back to the Battery Again

(Continued from page 34)

but was detached and went overseas as a casual with the Medical Detachment. About 260 of us left Fort Riley, Kansas, late in March and at Camp Merritt, New Jersey, 180 of us were sent to the embarkation port and sailed for England. After leaving some of the group there, the rest of us went over to France, eventually at Blois met up with the bunch we had left at Merritt, and in time twenty of us were assigned to Base Hospital 101.

"Since discharge I have seen only two of the Base 101 men, but recently, thanks to help through your Outfit Notices column, I have been able to publish a roster containing the names and addresses of forty-nine of the old outfit. Included in that roster is none other than Alexander Woollcott, nationally-known newspaperman, writer, radio raconteur and more recently, actor, whose home is at Bomoseen, Vermont.

"If former officers, nurses and enlisted personnel of Base Hospital 101 will write to me, I'll send them a copy of the roster—and add their names to the next edition."

THE movement of American troops is outward-bound again—to far-off lands in all parts of the globe. But the day will come, in the not too-distant future, when their job will be successfully completed and they will enjoy the unforgettable experience of again setting foot on home soil. Remember?

Notwithstanding the various ports on both coasts and on the Gulf now being used for embarkation, there will no doubt be variations of the time-worn story of the soldier whose transport brought him into the Port of New York. Looking up at the Statue of Liberty, he purportedly said with deep emotion: "Old Girl, if you want to see me again, you'll have to do an about-face!"

Three steps in that homeward journey, back in 1919, are illustrated through snapshots which Legionnaire Simeon W. Kenyon of 6610 East 18th Avenue, Denver, Colorado, generously submitted with this account (the pictures are on page 34):

"Allow me, Company Clerk, to present a little data for Then and Now. Enclosed are three snapshot prints that I am sure will revive memories of many veterans who did their stints Over There.

"Second Lieutenant Leslie A. Tracy, 123d Field Artillery, and I were in charge of St. Aignan Casual Company 3979 to see the boys of that company safely home from Headquarters, First Replacement Depot, at St. Aignan, to New York, via Marseilles, France. The first picture, dated April 22, 1919, shows the French 40 and 8 train that took us to the port of Marseilles. Then we see our outfit embarking on the S.S. *Patria* at Marseilles, the following day.

"We sailed across the Mediterranean to Oran, Algeria, on the North African coast—which has figured much in the war news—where we took on coal for our

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Name
Address

trip across the Atlantic. The third snapshot shows natives using an old method of coaling—carrying it in baskets from the coal scows to the *Patria*, which appears in the background.

"During our layover in Oran, I met up with two very interesting characters. One was Captain P. R. Prodyn of the British Army, discharged and on sick leave in Algiers. He and I visited an Arab mosque and talked with Amokrane Larbi, an Arab marabout, or priest, who conducted us through the mosque. He spoke with us in English and I inquired where he had learned the language. Imagine my surprise when he said in America, where he had been a rider with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. He also smilingly remarked that he had visited Coney Island. Having visited Oran in 1919, time makes it especially interesting when we consider the rapidly-moving events that are taking place in that region.

"We left Oran on April 28th and arrived in New York on May 10th. The company was disbanded in one of the Long Island camps—either Upton or Mills. For the benefit of the men who might be interested to know the staff officers of the First Replacement Depot, here are the names taken from my Special Order: C. O., Brigadier General Malone; Colonel Harrison Hall, F. A., Chief of Staff; Adjutant General George L. Tait. My service in the A. E. F. was as instructor of the Sniping and Observation Section, 2d Corps Schools, at Chatillon-sur-Seine.

"I think the picture of the *Patria* will interest the many soldiers who used it as an Atlantic ferryboat."

IN ITS efforts to be impartial—and modest—this department has over the years soft-pedaled the few references in *Then and Now* to its own Division in World War I or to units of the Division. But when a comrade of the old outfit steps forth with an item that will interest more than thirty thousand veterans who at one time or another served with the Division, we feel justified in sounding off.

From Paul E. Donley of 519 West 11th Street, Pueblo, Colorado, Adjutant of the 89th Division Society of Pueblo, we received the photograph of the 89th Division monument which we proudly display. It had long been the principal ambition of one of the former Commanding Generals of the Division, Major General Frank L. Winn, who went West within the past year, to have a national 89th Division Memorial erected in one of the Mid-Western States from which its men originally came. His pride in his old Division was great, and from the record in battle it had established, was justified, and it is regrettable that he did not live to see his wish fulfilled. The 89th veterans of Pueblo, however, took a step in that direction—as the photograph shows—and we have this report from Adjutant Donley, submitted before he learned that

The Company Clerk had served in the same Division:

"I am submitting a photograph of the 89th Division monument erected in Pueblo, Colorado, with some of the members of the 89th Division Society of our city. We think it is the only 89th Division memorial in the country. If we're wrong, we would like to know about it.

"The 89th Division Society of Pueblo has been in existence since about 1934, with an average membership of about twenty. Although our membership has been rather small, we feel that we have



"We don't doubt your courage, Murphy—but it's part of the game to sit around the campfire."

been the first group of veterans of our Division to erect a memorial, which, as a bronze plaque on the monument states, is 'Dedicated to those who served with the 89th Division in the World War.'

"During the winter of 1937-1938 at our regular meetings, we completed plans for the erection of the memorial. We were fortunate in having among our members men with connections to meet all our requirements. Through coöperation of the city officials we erected the shaft on space allotted to us in Memorial Park, located at the principal north highway entrance into our city.

"In April, 1938, we held the dedication ceremony at which Teller Ammons, then Governor of Colorado and a veteran of the 353d Infantry of the 89th Division, was the principal speaker. The shaft of the memorial, about twelve feet high, is surmounted with a reproduction of our Divisional insignia, in bronze.

"The 89th veterans in the picture, from left to right, are: Tony Volpe, Albert T. Willis, J. G. Andrews, C. G. Bucciarelli, Frank Starginer, Glen H. Phillips, Vincent Kerwin, Paul Even, William Zarn, Paul E. Donley, George Devine, Frank Peschke, S. S. Hughlitt. Members not in the picture are Earl Dunlap, Harry Johnson, Tom Montoya and Steve Sabo. Glen Phillips is Com-

mander of our organization this year."

May we add a word or two, Adjutant?—The W in the insignia, when inverted, becomes an M, the two initials representing Middle West, where the Division originated. It trained at Camp Funston, Kansas, under the inspired commandship of the late General Leonard Wood, who was prevented from accompanying the 89th Division overseas. It fought under the brilliant leadership of Major General William M. Wright, now retired. Following the Armistice, its Commanding General was Major General Frank L. Winn. From the names of its C. G.'s what more natural than that its slogan was "Wright Wood Winn."

While veterans of the 89th make no claim to having won World War I single-handed, its record of 48 kilometers advance against resistance (in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne Offensives); capture of 5,061 prisoners, of 129 pieces of artillery and 455 machine guns; casualties of 1,433 killed and 5,858 wounded; decorations of 9 Congressional Medals of Honor and numerous other awards, accounts for its selection as one of the honored Divisions which comprised the Third Army, or Army of Occupation, in Germany.

When the periodic "Who won the war?" arguments arise, this department takes great pleasure in taking from the Legion Magazine's reference library shelves a volume entitled *The American Guide Book to France and its Battlefields*, compiled jointly by E. B. Garey, Lieutenant Colonel, A. E. F., O. O. Ellis, Lieutenant Colonel, A. E. F., and R. V. D. Magoffin, Ph. D., Lieutenant Colonel O. R. C., Associate Professor of History, The Johns Hopkins University, and published in 1920. Without comment, it points to the following extract from the account of the 89th Division's activities in the chapter of condensed Divisional Histories, a feature of the volume:

Its crowning glory, however, was in the Argonne-Meuse. Having entered the line west of Romagne, it drove the enemy, after two days, out of the Bantheville Woods, October 19-21; on November 1st the 89th took part in the great attack which by November 5th had advanced our line to the Meuse. On the 1st day, the Division took its main objective, the great wooded heights of Barricourt, the key to the strong German position, which their General Staff hoped to hold all winter. When Marshal Foch received word that these Woods were in Allied hands, he shouted, "The war is over!"

Take it or leave it! As we said, we're modest—and we'd like to bet that thousands of 89th Division veterans have never heard that account before . . . and we have it in print! And our own Regiment, the 353d Infantry, took those Woods! So beware hereafter of veterans of the 89th Division—those men from Kansas, Missouri, Colorado, Nebraska, South Dakota, Arizona and New Mexico who originally formed the Division, to



The 89th (Middle West) Division monument, above, was erected in Pueblo, Colorado, by that city's branch of the 89th Division Society. Is it the only 89th Division memorial in the country?

whom may be added 86th Division men from Minnesota and Wisconsin, replacements after the St. Mihiel Offensive—when the question of “Who won the war?” comes up in Post meetings.

AGAIN on the subject of souvenirs, here is a report of a wartime canteen that is being held by Mrs. Anna Rogers Cannon of 214 N. Jackson Street, Media, Pennsylvania, member of Helen Fairchild Post of the Legion in Philadelphia. Mrs. Cannon, former Army Nurse, has this to say:

“I have been much interested in your stories of souvenirs for which owners have been found. I am in possession of a canteen that I am sure some buddy would like to have. A wounded lad gave it to me at Base Episcopal Hospital at Nantes, and I carried it with me from June, 1918, on all my front-line work—at the Vesle, Mont Sec, in the Argonne and last in the Toul or Metz area.

“The canteen is hand-engraved beautifully with poppies and I believe, shamrock leaves, a large letter C with U. S. above it and R. F. below, and 1918 to the right. On the back is engraved ‘France,’ the soldier’s initials, and ‘M. G. C., 111 U. S. Inf.’”

AND now for a very unusual war souvenir—which any number of men may claim. John W. Squire, Captain, Commanding Battery B, 246th Coast Artillery (Harbor Defense) Virginia National Guard, writes from Danville, Virginia:

“In cleaning out some of our old cart-

ridge belts, we ran across the enclosed Guard Detail, dated May 11, 1919. Since this is a mighty old guard detail, thought maybe you might be interested in same.”

The enclosure is a time- and water-stained piece of Y. M. C. A. stationery—the kind with the heading “On Active Service with the American Expeditionary Force.” On it was typed the following: “Guard Detail report 6PM May 11 1919—Sgt. Reissinger, Cpl. Smith, E. A., Act. Cpl. Smith, L. —, Act. Cpl. MacDonald; Pvts. 1 Marfing, 2 Pechinak, 3 Trone, 4 Walker, 5 Haggerty, 4 Meyer, L. J., 52 Moore, C. —, 3 Price, 14 Silva, 25 Gunderman, 4 Mossakowski, 2 Parker, 3 Sabaitis, 14 Cohen, Sam, and 5 Dahl.”

Written in pencil in the right margin, were these fifteen additional names, bracketed in groups of five, numbered 1, 2 and 3, as follows: “1—Marfing, Parker, Trone, Walker, Hagerdy; 2—Silva, Gunderman, Price, Meyer, Moore; 3—Cohen, Sabaitis, Pechinak, Mossakowski, Dahl.”

We shall be glad to send this souvenir to the first one who establishes his claim.

PENDING the appointment of a National Convention Reunions Chairman, outfits which are considering holding reunions in New Orleans, Louisiana, September 21st to 24th, can write to the 1942 American Legion Convention Corporation, 315 Camp Street, New Orleans, for information regarding reunion headquarters, hotels and restaurants for dinners, banquets, luncheons and so on. Letters will be turned over to the proper committees for attention.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT February 28, 1942

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 662,795.62
Accounts receivable	79,870.36
Inventories	120,810.23
Invested funds	2,669,539.41
Permanent investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	214,260.65
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	125,470.98
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	43,954.50
Deferred charges	37,854.50
	<u>\$3,954,557.25</u>

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities	\$ 98,476.84
Funds restricted as to use.....	33,309.05
Deferred revenue	590,448.06
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	214,260.65
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital.....	\$2,641,383.33
Unrestricted capital.....	376,679.32
	<u>\$3,954,557.25</u>

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

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Details of the following New Orleans National Convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names are listed:

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—11th annual reunion. Thos. W. Murphy, chmn., 30 Porter av., Ocean Springs, Miss.

AIR SERV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual convention-reunion of vets of all Air Serv. branches. Henry Le Febvre, chmn., 1820 St. Charles Av., New Orleans.

NATL. AMER. R. R. TRANSP. CORPS.—Southern district reunion. New Orleans. G. J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1123½ W. Locust St., Scranton, Pa.

SIBERIA, A.E.F.—5th annual national reunion. L. A. McQuiddy, natl. adjt., 1112¼ Menlo Av., Los Angeles, Calif.

CHEM. WARFARE SERV. VET. ASSOC.—6th annual reunion. George W. Nichols, secy-treas., R. R. 3, Box 78, Kingston, N. Y.

WORLD WAR TANK CORPS ASSOC.—Annual reunion. Chas. C. Zatarain, 5910 Pontchartrain Blvd., New Orleans, or E. J. Price, natl. adjt., 130 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

WORLD WAR NAVY RADOMEN—Annual natl. reunion and All-Navy headquarters. Mark Feder, yeoman, 132 S. George St., York, Pa.

NATL. 4TH DIV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion-dinner and business meeting. N. W. Orleans. Theo. F. Tolzman, pres., 2234 B-N, 23d St., Milwaukee, Wisc.

7TH DIV. WORLD WAR VETS.—Annual natl. reunion. For details reunion and organization of local chapters, write Ralph R. Conner, adjt.-in. offr., Box 693, Riviera, Fla.

12TH (PLYMOUTH) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—3d annual reunion. Write Larry Berg, natl. adjt., 3146 15th Av., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

20TH DIV. ASSOC. Annual r union. Harry McBride, 1234 26th St., Newport News, Va.

DIXIE (31ST) DIV.—Natl. reunion-dinner. Walter A. Anderson, secy-treas., 4913 N. Hermitage Av., Chicago, Ill.

Co. E, 16TH INF.—Reunion. F. H. (Cpl. Red) Ashby, 612 Av. E, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

15TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion. R. L. Knight, 224 N. Aiken Av., Pittsburgh, Pa. 6.

21ST ENGRS. L. R. Soc.—Annual reunion. Chas. L. Schaus, secy-treas., 325-47th St., Union City, N. J., or J. M. Kellner, pres., R. 7, Oakwood Manor, Pontiac, Mich.

23D ENGRS. ASSOC.—Annual natl. reunion. For copy *Highway Life*, write Jim P. Henriksen, 2922 N. Kilbourn Av., Chicago, Ill.

56TH (SEARCHLIGHT) ENGRS.—Annual reunion. W. B. Robbins, secy-treas., 80 Central St., Hudson, Mass.

Cos. D & E, 114TH SUP. TRN.—Reunion. W. W. Bloemer, Co. Clerk, Co. D, Batesville, Ind.

MOTOR TRANSP. Co. 389 (formerly #18 TRAIN)—Reunion and organization. Write Lewis Hibbard, 612 W. Washington Av., Ionia, Mich.

CLUB CAMP HOSP. 52—For reunion details, write Mrs. Estelle Swanton, chmn., 2100 Adams St., New Orleans, La., or Albert I. Almand, pres., 333 Holderness St., S. W., Atlanta, Ga.

U. S. S. *Charleston*—Reunion of crew. Write O. D. Turner, U. S. Naval Base, Algiers, La., or A. H. Russell, Modern Cafe, Three Rivers, Tex.

U. S. S. *DeKalb* LAST MAN'S CLUB—Reunion, New Orleans, Sept. 21. Ted Stolp, secy., 5404 N. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa., or Claude McClinck, 4320 Tennyson St., Denver, Co.

REUNIONS and activities at times and places other than the New Orleans Legion National Convention, follow:

NATL. YEOMEN (F)—Annual New York and New Jersey reunion-dinner, Cortile Restaurant, 37 W. 43d St., New York City, May 21, 6:30 P. M. Miss Clara Dörner, chmn., 211 Bedford Park Blvd., Bronx, N. Y.

Soc. of 1ST DIV., N. E. BRANCH—25th Anniversary reunion and dinner, Westboro Country Club, Westboro, Mass., Sat., June 27. Henry J. Grogan, secy., 73 Summer St., Hyde Park, Mass.

Soc. of 3D DIV.—Annual national reunion, Rochester, N. Y., July 9-11. Ted Dash, chmn., 2493 East Av., Rochester.

4TH DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion on anniversary of sailing for A.E.F., Capitol Hotel, New York City. For date, write Jos. E. Taylor, 39 Whitehall St., New York City.

Soc. of 5TH DIV.—Silver Jubilee reunion, Akron, Ohio, Sept. 5-7. Elmer Taylor, secy-treas., 2124 18th St., S. W. Akron, will furnish details and copy of regimental roster.

5TH DIV.—Divisional history, five dollars. Order from Wm. Barton Bruce, historian, 48 Ayrault St., Providence, R. I.

YANKEE (26TH) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual national convention-reunion, Springfield, Mass., June 25-28. Dennis J. Brunton, chmn., 42 Ranney St., Springfield.

Soc. of 28TH DIV.—2d Annual Memorial Services, Boalsburg Shrine, Boalsburg, Centre County, Pa., Sun., May 17. Wm. A. Miller, 2736 Boas St., Harrisburg, Pa.

DIXIE (31ST) DIV. ASSOC.—For information regarding monthly meetings and reunion-dinner at Ill. Dept. Legion Convention, write Walter A. Anderson, secy-treas., 4913 N. Hermitage Av., Chicago, Ill.

32D DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 5-6. Lester Benston, chmn., % American Legion, 205 Wacker Dr., Chicago.

37TH DIV. A.E.F. VETS.—24th annual reunion, Springfield, Ohio, Sept. 5-7. For details, write Jas. A. Sterner, Hq., 1101 Wyandotte Bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

RAINBOW (42D) DIV. VETS.—Natl. reunion, Orlando, Fla., July 13-15. Barney J. Sullivan, reunion chmn., Court House, Orlando.

80TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—25th anniversary reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 6-9. Mark R. Byrne, natl. secy., 212 Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh.

60TH INF.—Reunion, Akron, Ohio, Sept. 5-7. A. L. Bradbury, 478 E. Exchange St., Akron.

101ST INF. VETS. ASSOC.—25th anniversary banquet, Boston, Mass., May 2. Jas. J. Powers, gen. chmn., 310 Elm St., Canton, Mass.

309TH INF. VETS.—Dedication 309th memorial window, Ft. Dix chapel, in June. For details, Walter G. Bennett, 410 36th St., Union City, N. J.

314TH INF. VETS. AEF—Annual convention, Scranton, Pa., Sept. 25-27. G. E. Hentschel, natl. secy., 1845 Champlott Av., Philadelphia, Pa.

314TH INF. VETS. AEF—Memorial services at Memorial Cabin, Valley Forge, Pa., May 30, 2:30 P. M. Families and friends invited. Raymond V. Nicholson, chmn., 1612 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

332D INF. ASSOC. (incl. 331ST F. H.)—21st annual reunion, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 5-6. A. A. Grable, secy., Canton.

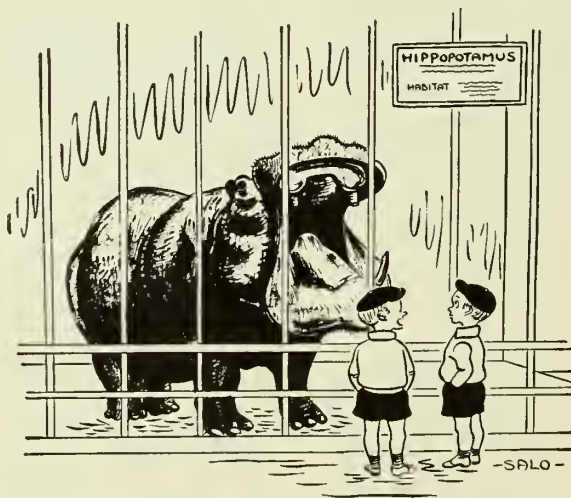
Co. G (142D INF.) ASSOC.—9th reunion, American Legion Home, Amarillo, Tex., May 2. For company roster, write Chas. Hoppin, adjt., 214 E. 7th Av., Amarillo.

Co. M, 357TH INF.—Annual reunion, Medicine Park, Okla., July 25-26. Martin G. Kizer, secy., Apache, Okla.

305TH M. G. BN.—Annual reunion dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th St., New York City, May 9. Chas. V. "Doc" Lewis, 50 Broad St., New York City. Bn. History now available.

56TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—11th annual reunion, Smithfield, N. C., Aug. 1-2. James K. Dunn, secy., 723 11th St., New Brighton, Pa.

332D F. A. LAST MAN CLUB—Annual banquet, Chicago, Ill., about May 2. To confirm date,



"Make a swell air-raid shelter, wouldn't he?"



write G. E. Kaplanek, 1250 N. Pine Av., Chicago. BTRY. B, 3d F. A.—Reunion, with Legion Dept. Convention, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 20-22. P. K. Fuhrman, 525 E. Walnut St., Hanover, Pa.

1ST CORPS ART. PARK VETS.—Annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 4-5. Emory Jamison, 1905 Charles St., Wellsburg, W. Va.

304TH AMMUN. TRN.—For time and place 25th reunion, write R. B. Cook, secy.-treas., 300 Howell St., Philadelphia, Pa.

305-6-7-8 F. H. and 305-6-7-8 AMB. COS.—Reunion-dinner, 77th Div. Club, New York City, May 16. I. Bregoff, secy., 70 Pine St., N.Y.C.

11TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Spring election of officers and get-together dinner, Times Square Hotel, New York City, May 23. Also card party of Women's Aux., same time and place. Edw. N. O'Brien, v. p., Times Square Hotel, 43d St. & 8th Av., New York City.

VETS. 13TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, St. Joseph, Mo., June 19-21. Jas. A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 21st St., Little Rock, Ark.

19TH ENGRS. (RY.) ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 12. Write Francis P. Conway, 4414 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

23D ENGRS., CENTRAL STATES—Stag reunion, Lemon Park, Indian Lake, Vicksburg, Mich., June 20-21. R. S. Cowan, 12715 Northlawn Av., Detroit, Mich.

34TH ENGRS.—14th annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 5-7. Alfred Koch, pres., 257 Virginia Av., Dayton, or George Remple, secy.-treas., 2523 N. Main St., Dayton.

52D ENGRS. ASSOC.—6th annual reunion, Penn-Beaver Hotel, Rochester, Pa., July 25-27. J. A. Bell, 412 E. Leasure Av., New Castle, Pa.

61ST R. R. ENGRS.—5th annual reunion, Louisville, Ky., June 19-21. E. M. Soboda, natl. secy., 932 Roscoe St., Green Bay, Wis.

314TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, York Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 7. Bob Walker, secy., 2720 Ann Av., St. Louis.

319TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Los Angeles, Calif., during Aug. For date, and for entry in 1942 roster, write Kenneth Thomson, 218 Central Bank Bldg., Oakland, Calif.

304TH F. S. BN.—Annual reunion-banquet, Lancaster, Pa., May 2. J. P. Tyrrell, secy., 6144 McCallum St., Philadelphia, Pa.

322D F. S. BN.—For souvenir roster, write J. Merkelbach 1530 44th Av., San Francisco, Calif.; No. Calif. reunion, San Francisco, Nov. 7. Dr. John P. O'Brien, Flood Bldg., San Francisco; So. Calif. reunion, Los Angeles, Nov. 11. David C. Levenson, Arcade Bldg., Los Angeles.

Co. 6, 1ST AIR SERV. MECH.—Annual reunion-dinner, New York City, Oct. 24. C. R. Summers, 3258 Glenview St., Philadelphia, Pa.

307TH INF.—Annual Memorial Services, Memorial Grove, Central Park, New York City, May 24. Meet at 72d St. & 5th Av., 1.30 P.M.

R. S. Golde, pres., 1391 Sixth Av., N. Y. C.

USAAC NATL. ASSOC.—Silver Anniversary convention for USAAC's and A.F.S. vets, July 30-Aug. 2, Allentown, Pa. Walter H. Davidson, chmn., 526 N. Berks St., Allentown, or Wilbur P. Hunter, natl. adjt., 5321 Ludlow St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BASE HOSP. 1 (BELLEVUE UNIT), VICHY—Illustrated history recently published. \$2.50. Dr. Anna Tjomsland, 821 Bergen Av., Jersey City, N. J.

BASE HOSP. 2 (ETRETAT) ASSOC.—25th reunion, New York City, in May. For dates, write Whitey, 137-73 Belknap St., Springfield Gardens, N. Y.

BASE HOSP. 101—For free copy of roster, and for entry in next edition, send name and address to Lee E. McDermet, P. O. Box 2271, Denver, Colo.

EVAC. HOSP. 13 VETS. ASSOC.—23d annual reunion, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 5-7. Vets of Evac. Hosps. 12 and 14 also invited. For details, Chas. P. Sohn, pres., 417 W. Conway St., Baltimore.

PASADENA AMB. Co. 1 (Sec. 563-4-5-6, USAAS)—Reunion, Pasadena, Calif., June 13. C. D. Clearwater, Pacific Palisades, Calif.

BASE HOSP., CAMP LEE, VA., ASSOC.—For 5th reunion date, and free 1942 roster, write H. W. Colston, secy., 1357 New York Av., N. E. Washington, D. C.

118TH AMB. Co.—For 1942 reunion information, write Mrs. Chas. Mease, Canton, N. C.

349TH AMB. CORPS, 88TH DIV.—25th anniversary reunion, Denver, Colo., June 27. Vets of 313th S. T. also invited. Frank Morris, 203 Guardian Vault Bldg., Denver.

NORTH SEA MINE FORCE ASSOC.—For membership, and details 1942 reunion, New York City, in Oct., write J. Frank Burke, natl. secy., 3 Bangor Rd., West Roxbury, Mass., or Arthur J. Pertsch, N. Y. membership chmn., Cotton Exchange, 60 Beaver St., New York, N. Y.

For membership in PACIFIC COAST CHAPTER, write Jimmie Gee, 1626 Illinois St., Vallejo, Calif.; N. J. CHAPTER, Eugene F. Flannery, 3 W. 48th St., Bayonne, N. J.

SUBCHASERS #1-342-343-344-345-346—5th reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., in May. For date, Walter "Buck" Fulmer, 3403 Friendship St., Philadelphia.

U. S. S. Burrows W. W. Assoc.—Annual reunion-dinner, New York City, Oct. 11. P. E. Cocchi, secy., 25 Malden St., Springfield, Mass.

NATL. ASSOC. U.S.S. Connecticut VETS.—6th convention and reunion dinner, New York City, Oct. 3. Fay Knight, shipwright, 22 Jane St., Closter, N. J.

U. S. S. Iowa—6th reunion, Lake Aquilla, Chardon, Ohio, July 26. Wendell R. Lerch, secy., 348 Front St., Berea, Ohio.

NATL. Otranto-Kashmir Assoc.—Annual reunion, Davenport, Iowa, Oct. 4. A. H. Telford, secy., 124 E. Simmons St., Galesburg, Ill.

U. S. S. Salem—Reunion, including crews of all sub-chasers assigned to the Salem. Chas. E. Byrnes, 188 Hall St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. S. Utah—Proposed reunion of crew. Chas. W. Emery, 76 Elm St., Waterville, Maine. Co. 111, 15TH REGT., U.S. NAV. AVIATION, GREAT LAKES—Proposed reunion. Write Ward A. Fabrick, R. R. 2, Rockford, Ill.

U.S.N.R.F. WHIDDY ISLAND, IRELAND, 1918—Reunion. Roy G. Hickner, Marshfield, Wis.

G.H.Q. BN. (all units attached to GHQ, CHAUMONT)—Annual reunion, Detroit-Leland Hotel, Detroit, Mich., May 16-17. Edwin J. Priestess, comdr., 346 S. 12th St., Saginaw, Mich., or C. A. Maynard, c.o.s., 93 Wenonah Dr., Pontiac, Mich.

WORLD WAR PROV. OFFICERS. ASSOC.—Ex-provisional or probationary officers of Army, Navy and Marine Corps are invited to membership in organization to obtain desired recognition and legislation. John S. Tyler, pres., 2211 Fairview St., Allentown, Pa.

PARIS POST (A. L.) GROUP NO. 1—Regular meetings, New Rochelle House, 56 E. 41st St., New York City, third Monday each month, 7 P.M. Jack E. Specter, liaison officer, 180 Riverside Drive, New York City.

A. E. F. SIBERIA—6th annual reunion of Eastern States Unit at Brooklyn, N. Y., May 23. Write Joe Gordon, 2251 E. 26th St., Brooklyn.

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NEW JERSEY'S Past Department Commander Frank A. Mathews, Jr., has a friend who for nearly twenty-five years has been telling other friends about his part in winning the 1917-1919 war as a member of the U. S. Naval forces. Came the Hitler war and friend Gob was quick to get himself a commission in the U. S. Army. At a recent Legion meeting, the major appeared in full uniform, complete with ribbons, and was entertaining a group with stories of present day soldiering. Still another friend who had tarried long at the beer keg hove into the room; his rolling gait, however, was not indicative of long sea service. "Major Blanko," he announced to all and sundry, "is the smartest darned Legionnaire in this whole Department. Last war when the Army did all the fighting, he served in the Navy. Now in this here war, which the Navy is gonna have to fight, he goes and gets himself a brass hat commission in the Army. Smart, ain't he?"

DAVE SWEENEY of Seattle, Washington, says that an island is a piece of land entirely surrounded by traffic.



"Things have never been tougher. Every place I go, I see 'Men Wanted' signs!"

MUSSOLINI and Hitler were in close conference. Weighty problems were under discussion. "Herr Hitler," says Musso, "when this war is over you and I will be the greatest dictators the world has ever seen. We'll have everything we want; of course we won't want everything there is!"

"Righto," said Hitler, as he patted Musso on the head. "Now go ahead and shine the other shoe."

LEGIONNAIRE EUGENE BROWN of Collierville, Tennessee, writes that he recently saw a sign on a store near his home: GROCERIES AND BEER 11 CENTS.

LEGIONNAIRE ALBERT ANFINSON of Hettinger, North Dakota, says that when in France in 1918 his buddy found a girl's address neatly tucked into the toe of a pair of Red Cross socks. The footgear was not all that could be desired, but to be polite



the soldier sent the fair donor a note: "Some socks. Some fit. I use one for a hammock and one for a mitt. I hope we meet after I've done my bit. But who in the devil taught you to knit?"

W. G. DIETZ of Lombard, Illinois, observes that the cemeteries are filled with people who thought the world couldn't get along without them.

THE Indiana climate is conducive to longevity. California or Connecticut could hardly equal the age and productivity of the hens offered for sale in an Indiana paper: "For Sale—85 yr. old Leghorn hens. Good laying strain."

THE 314th Field Artillery settled down in Redon just about a week after landing in France. The officers in a nearby town gave notice of a welcoming party, one that was to be attended by French officers and civil dignitaries, such as to call for the best dress. Captain Fred Mitchell, who worried little about the fol-de-rols, found that he did not have a crop. Calling the newly assigned interpreter, Henri Foya, he made his wants known. Now Henri had spent some time in Canada and was rated as an English-speaking soldier, but his English was limited. "Yes, yes, oui, oui," he agreed cheerfully, "me, I will get him ze crop. Oui, ze very best crop in ze citee of Brest. Ze capitaine will be pleas' wis ze crop zat I will find."

The following evening Henri returned from his trip to Brest. He bore a neatly wrapped package. With gestures and flourishes he removed the wrappings and displayed a magnificent, scaly-backed crab. Curtain.



"I got it free through an advertisement. All I had to do was send three thousand dollars to cover packing and cost of mailing!"

LEGIONNAIRE CHARLES J. LILEY of Summit (New Jersey) Post avers that while Comrade William Webster was coaching an applicant for naturalization he asked the question: "What flies over the White House?"

"Pigeons," was the prompt response of the applicant.

"I DON'T see any point to this joke," said the copy reader to the editor. "Our readers will," replied the editor. "They're smart."

LEGIONNAIRE SARAH I. ANDRUS of Washington, D. C., reports the sad case of the overzealous air raid warden in the National Capital who, patrolling his beat with his best girl during a blackout, placed her under arrest when he saw the love light shining in her eyes.

OVERHEARD at the movies: Charles Boyer was handing out the old oil in an ardent love scene. A young soldier, not so highly pleased with his "date," leaned over and whispered to his buddy: "Boy, if we had had a line like that we might have done better!"



"We presented Smithers with a bouncing baby, and he presented us with the same kind of a check!"

LAWYER, (questioning an elderly lady who saw the car wreck): "Isn't it true that the plaintiff made only a cursory examination of his damaged car?"

Witness: "Mercy sakes alive, yes! It was so cursory that I had to put my hands over my ears!"

FOR a long time punsters punned on the name of Dr. M. D. Cure of Weston, West Virginia. Now Jim Earl of Parker, Idaho, rings the changes by reporting that on a recent trip he saw a sign: Dr. Philip Graves, Veterinary Hospital.

THE attitude of some people on this war, says P. B. Mouw of James Doornink Post, Sioux Center, Iowa, may be compared with the old farmer who had saved up cash enough to make a trip back to the old country. The ship caught fire when half way across the Atlantic. All was bustle and confusion as floats and life preservers were distributed, but the old man calmly looked on, making no effort to help himself. "Say, you'd better get a life-saver," yelled a sailor. "This ship is on fire." "Yeah?" coolly replied the old chap. "That's nothing to me. It ain't my boat."



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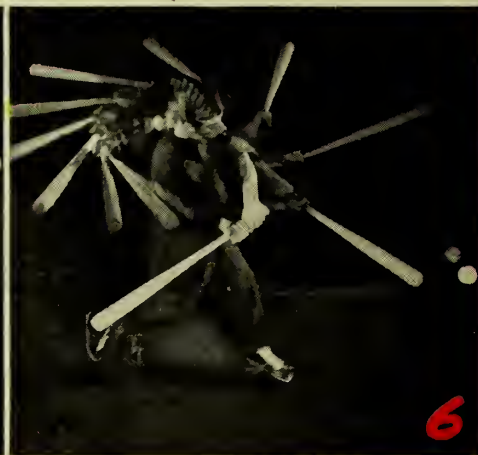
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